

# The TATLER

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London  
Aug. 31, 1932



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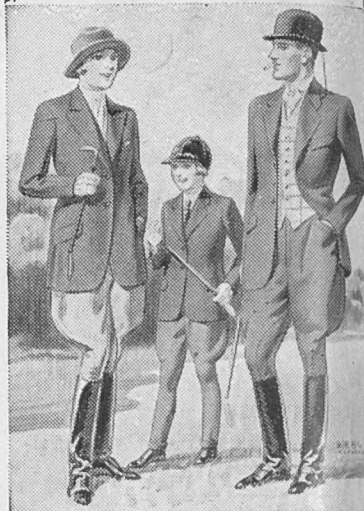
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# The TATTLER

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MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

Stage Photo Co.

All the critics were a bit doubtful whether Mr. John van Druten's "Behold, We Live" at the St. James, a rather depressing story of two badly-wrecked lives, was going to live. It now seems pretty certain that it will, thanks be in the main to the excellent acting of Miss Gertrude Lawrence as Sarah, the unhappy lady married to a young beast, and Sir Gerald du Maurier as Gordon Evers, who is equally unlucky, and whom the author has to kill. It always had the makings of a first-rate play, but it is not a very happy episode





AT LORD AND LADY WIMBORNE'S SHOOT AT DRUMOUR, PERTHSHIRE

A snapshot taken after lunch and a very successful morning. Lord Wimborne had this shoot last year, and, as usual, he and Lady Wimborne have been entertaining with the hospitality of the Bedouin. In this group, left to right, are M. Luis Bemberg, the Duc de Mouchy, the Hon. Cynthia Guest, the Comte de Breteuil, Captain Jack Fielding, Lord and Lady Wimborne, and the Comte de Paris

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

**M**Y DEAR,—With York last week and Doncaster next week, we are moving gradually northward, and it won't be long before half the population which spends its life going from one place to another, will be over the Border.

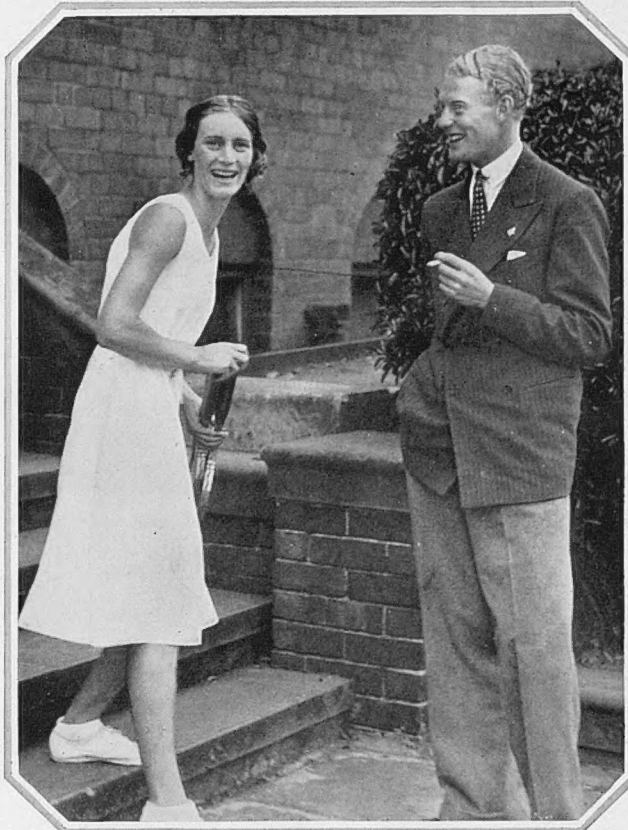
Several of the gatherings and meetings will be taking place next week, including Ballater and Braemar.

\* \* \*

The Ballater meeting is patronized by the Mackenzies of Glen Muick and Brackley, and by Lord and Lady Glentanar. She is a lovely Swedish girl, who has done much to popularize her native sport of ski-ing in the neighbourhood. During the long winter months she makes many expeditions over the hills behind Glentanar. Her husband is a keen musician, and a few years ago he built a magnificent organ at Glentanar, inviting Marcel Dupré, the celebrated organist from Notre Dame, to come over and play at the concert he gave to celebrate its completion. Other well-known people in the neighbourhood, who always help to make the Aboyne and Ballater games a decorative and amusing spectacle, are Lady Burnett of Leys, Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Hervey from Dinnet, and Lady Sempill from Craigievar, the very beautiful and very haunted castle about which I wrote a week or two ago.

\* \* \*

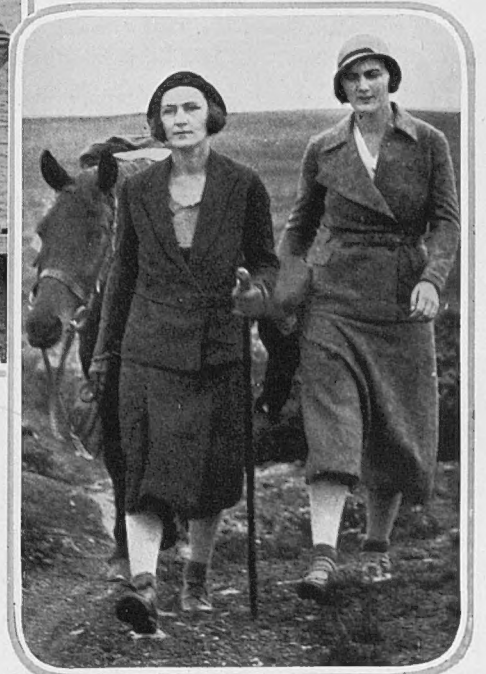
The Braemar gathering, of course, is enormously popular, owing to the fact that the King and Queen always make a point of attending it. It is a very beautiful sight to see the three clans—Stuart, Duff, and Farquharson—assemble and march round the village, on the way to the park where the meeting is held. This year an added interest will lie in the fact that Princess Arthur of Connaught will appear for the first time as chief representative of the clan, with her young son, the



CONGRATULATING A YOUNG CHAMPION: MISS SHEILA HEWITT AND SIR PAUL LATHAM, M.P.

Miss Sheila Hewitt, the young tennis genius, has been the surprise and joy of the Scarborough Tournament and won the North of England Championship, beating the redoubtable Miss Freda James to a stand-still in the final. Miss Hewitt is also British Junior Champion, beating Miss K. E. Stammers in the final last year. A pupil of Dan Gaskell, who is mighty proud of her, she is only seventeen years of age and is the daughter of Admiral Hewitt of Alverstoke, Hampshire. She has undoubtedly profited by her season's play on the Riviera, where she acquired much of her accuracy in placing, through aiming at ball boxes placed on the practice court. Sir Paul Latham is the Member for the Scarborough and Whitby Division

## THE LETTERS OF EVE



ALSO AT DRUMOUR: THE HON. MRS. GILBERT HAY AND THE HON. CYNTHIA GUEST

Lord and Lady Wimborne's two daughters doing a bit of heather-stepping. The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Hay married Lord Erroll's brother, who is heir presumptive to the Barony of Kilmarnock

Earl of Macduff. Last year, owing to the death of her mother, the Princess Royal, the gathering did not take place for the first time for many years. Princess Arthur's younger sister, Lady Maud Carnegie, with her husband, is sure to come over for the games too, though her farm at Elsie takes up most of her time when she is in the North.

I hear that Princess Arthur has been making many changes and improvements at Mar Lodge, where an auction sale of pictures and china takes place this month. The Duke and Duchess of York have announced their intention of attending the games too, so local anticipation runs high.

\* \* \*

All "the Campbells will be coming" to Oban, the meeting attended and presided over by the Duke of Argyll, the head of the clan. Many people arrive there by yacht or motorboat, including some from the outlying islands. From Mull come the Melles of Gruline, the McLeans from Duart, and the Guthries from Torosay, also Captain and Mrs. Eddy Compton from Torloisk, where they are entertaining a big party as usual, among them being Sir Harry and Lady Mainwaring, Mr. Geoffrey



Courtenay, Mr. Gaspard Ponsonby, and Mrs. Shennan. The Duchess of Westminster is a great friend of Mrs. Compton and pays them many visits in her yacht.

Lady Massereene is having a big party for the Oban Gathering, too, which will probably include Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine and her brother Hamish.

\* \* \*

From North Berwick I hear that a surprisingly large number of the private houses have been let, in spite of the slump, and that many of those who have not graced the South of France are to be found there. Lady Helen O'Brien has taken one for herself and her children. She is Lord Haddington's sister and, as his home is not very far away, they see a good deal of each other.

Sir Hugh and Lady Dalrymple have not let their house, for they prefer to remain at North Berwick during its best months and watch their large and very young family of children learning golf on the Hen Run. As you probably know, the Hen Run is the name of the 9-hole ladies' course which is so short that no-one but children can play on it. Lady Oxford and her daughter, Princess Antoine Bibesco, and her grandchildren pretty well monopolize the Hen Run when they are up there. And another member of the family to be seen there is Miss Henrietta Loder. She is a child of ten who might be taken for fifteen, for she towers over all the other children of her age both in height and in golf prowess. In fact she has such a good swing and shows so much promise that she is talked of as a future champion.



AT LULWORTH COVE: MISS VENETIA FRIPP AND LADY ALEXANDER

Taken in the grounds of Weston, Lady Fripp's beautiful home at Lulworth, where Lady Alexander, widow of the famous actor, is on a holiday visit. Miss Venetia Fripp is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Alfred Fripp, who was a Surgeon-in-Ordinary to H.M. the King and died in 1930



Truman Howell

#### AT SHREWSBURY FLORAL FÊTE

Lieut.-Colonel Sparrow, Sir Offley and Lady Wakeman, and their sons, David and Humphrey. Sir Offley Wakeman, Bart., is a captain in the Grenadier Guards (Reserve), and was wounded in 1915. Lieut.-Colonel Sparrow, D.S.O., M.C., was in the Berkshire Regiment, was severely wounded, got the D.S.O. and bar, and three mentions

Mrs. John Loder is Lady Oxford's sister who married Lady Louise Loder's son, who is the sitting Member for Lewes.

Claude Harris  
LADY GLENCONNER  
AND HER YOUNGER  
SON, JAMES

A recent and very charming picture. Lord and Lady Glenconner's younger son, the Hon. James Tennant, was born in 1929; the heir, the Hon. Colin, is three years older. Lady Glenconner is a daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Paget

While Princess Antoine Bibesco is spending these months with her mother in the North, her husband—who is Rumanian Ambassador in Spain—is down in San Sebastian. He went there straight after his holiday at his home in Rumania and, though the heat must have been terrific during those tropical days, he must have been at least thankful that he was not in Madrid.

The Bibesco family is rich in literary talent. The Prince writes himself. We have all read and enjoyed his wife's books, and are impatient for her next one which seems to be rather overdue. And his cousin, Princess Marthe Bibesco, has written many books about Paris.

\* \* \*

News continues to straggle in from abroad. France, like England, sweltered in the heat-wave which may have begun again by the time this letter reaches you. Le Touquet was certainly one of the pleasantest spots in which to endure it. Golf and tennis were almost unthinkable, but it was wonderful to lie most of the day in the sea, and even the lure of the Casino could not compete against moonlight bathing parties.

The Casino has been very full, though, with all the tables going, and a great competition for places. And it has provided some really good extra attractions in the shape of those divine dancers, the Sakharoffs, and Arthur Rubinstein. Poor Arthur arrived from Deauville on the hottest night of the heat-wave, but he had a full house and he played his programme, which included a Chopin and a modern group, quite marvellously. His three weeks' bride is a real charmer. A cream-white skin, ash fair hair waving back deliciously from a beautiful high forehead, blue violet eyes, the loveliest ears I have ever seen, and an enchanting expression.

\* \* \*

From Venice comes news of the usual hectic gaieties. Pretty Madame Lelong is as usual the belle of the Lido beach. She wears her long honey-coloured curls drawn back behind her ears, and is one of the few women I know who looks really well in shorts. Her small features form a marked contrast to those of that other well-known Russian beauty, Lady Abdy. Though both are fair, the latter has the high cheek bones and long narrow eyes of the typical Slav, and goes in for a much more sensational style of dressing.

(Continued overleaf)

b 2



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Mr. Bertie Lansberg's lovely Palladian house on the Brenta, "Malcontenta" by name, is, as usual, the rendezvous of all the young intelligentsia. Baroness d'Erlanger has her daughter, Princess Jean Louis de Faucigny Lucinge, staying with her. One has grown almost tired by now of repeating that the latter is the chic-est woman in Paris! Mr. Robert d'Erlanger is also staying with his mother, and others who are making the Lido beach one of the most amusing places in the world at the moment are Mr. Oliver Messel, Mr. Randolph Churchill, Mr. Andy Embericos, and Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald. Mrs. Fitzgerald, who is Lord Beaverbrook's sister-in-law, very wisely refuses to tan, and protects her dazzling skin with an immense sunshade. She looks quite startlingly white beside all the brown and mahogany backs that strew the Lido beach at this time of the year! Mrs. Corrigan, contrary to expectations, did not take a palazzo in Venice this year. She is off on a yachting trip instead.

\* \* \*

Sir Edward Goschen and his wife and family are about an hour or two's flight from Venice. For they went out about a fortnight ago to their castle beyond the Dolomites, where they spend every summer far removed from English people except the favoured few who are asked to stay with them. Sir Edward Goschen and his Danish wife had not long been back from a visit to Lady Goschen's relations in Denmark before they set out for Austria with their two sons and daughters, and with Miss Nina Grenfell, who has had glowing accounts from her brother, Lord Grenfell, of the wonderful honeymoon which he and his bride, who was Miss Betty Shaughnessy, have had in Lord Grimthorpe's villa at Ravello.

\* \* \*

Mr. Patrick Balfour, who has just returned from Germany, spent about ten days in a tenement house in Berlin with a Communist friend of his, and told me that he had seen a lot of the rioting between Communists and the Nazis in the quarter, which was nothing if not interesting. Mr. Balfour went to Hamburg first by liner from Southampton, and now thinks that it is the only pleasant way to travel to Germany. He is spending his days now in the new library at Hendon, where copies of all newspapers formerly in the British Museum are stored, in order to collect material for the book which he has been commissioned to write on changes of custom, manners, and society in the present century.

\* \*

Our young writers are keeping busy, for I understand that Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith is also at work on a novel, and has already written nearly half. This is his first effort. And Mr. Godfrey Winn has been commissioned to write a book on which he wants to get well started before the end of the year. Up to now he has been writing articles in the country which are to appear during the autumn. His novel, "The Unequal Conflict," has had a great success in America, I hear. Mr. Winn has just bought a

bright blue racing car in which he is about to tour England and Scotland. He is a keen lawn-tennis player as well as a novelist, and plays regularly in first-class tournaments.

\* \*

More and more women are taking up original business careers these days, though few of them can have tried such a novel experiment as Mrs. Lionel Heald! She is Lady Angela Forbes' daughter, and as Flavia Forbes her high spirits and brilliant red hair made her noticeable wherever she went. She was always something of a pioneer spirit, even in those days. Now she has started a green-grocer's shop. Her



AT BEMBRIDGE: COLONEL ALSTON AND LADY MAINWARING

Bembridge Sailing Club has been very busy lately with its regatta, and an interesting picture also appears on another page. It is one of the brightest weeks in the whole of the Solent season. Lady Mainwaring is the wife of Sir Harry Mainwaring



AT A CUBBING MEET OF THE VINE

Major Watson, Sir Nelson Rycroft, Bt., M.F.H., the new Master of the Vine, Lady Rycroft, and the Duke of Wellington, on whose estate this fixture was. His Grace is over eighty and yet turned out at 6 a.m. and he still rides to hounds

partner delivers the vegetables in a van, and she herself visits Covent Garden Market every morning at five o'clock to choose her stock. The shop is a very flourishing concern, and there are rumours of a pending romance!

\* \*

As to the other wanderings of Society that pleasant place, Bembridge, has been and still is very full with a floating (in more ways than one) population, plus the permanent garrison, some pictures of whose stately homes appear in this issue.—Yours ever, EVE.



## IN AND OUT OF LONDON TOWN



AT THE HUNGARIA: MISS GLADYS COOPER, M. BARDOSSY (THE HUNGARIAN CHARGE D'AFFAIRES), AND LADY COLEFAX

Sasha



AT THE "FIREBIRD" FIRST NIGHT: LADY RAVENSDALE AND MR. EDDIE MARSH

Sasha



W. Davis

MILLES BETTY SPILL AND RENÉE PAULET, OF "PARIS IN LONDON," AT GREAT FOSTERS



THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT AND MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER

Sasha

The supper at the Hungaria was given to celebrate the big success of the play from the Hungarian of Lajos Zilahy, "The Firebird," in which Miss Gladys Cooper and Miss Antoinette Cellier scored such a notable triumph. The translation and adaptation were both admirably done by Mr. Jeffrey Dell, and the audience was most enthusiastic. In spite of London being supposed to be entirely empty all the regulars amongst the first-nighters were there. Lady Ravensdale misses very few, and Mr. Eddie Marsh none at all! Miss Constance Collier is appearing in the forthcoming revival of Noel Coward's "Hay Fever." The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett is better known to an adoring public as Zena Dare. The lovely archers at Great Fosters, that picturesque Elizabethan pile at Egham, are French stars from the Casino de Paris in London's new show at the Comedy Theatre, "Paris in London," Mlle Betty Spill and Mlle Renée Paulet. Mlle Paulet is the champion swimmer of North Africa, and is the daughter of an Arab Sheik and a French mother



## THE CINEMA : By LENZ



MISS MERLE OBERON

Who plays the lead in both "Wedding Rehearsal" and "Young Apollo" (London Film Productions), the former of which comes to the Capitol very shortly. The authors are Lajos Biro, the Hungarian, and George Grossmith, and the dialogue has been written by Arthur Wimperis

voice and personality that has brought him right to the front of modern American production. He has a voice like steel and velvet and knows exactly how to use it for the maximum effect. In *Attorney for the Defence* he appears as Bill Burton, a clever lawyer who is notorious for the number of men he has sent to the electric chair. A particularly bad miscarriage of justice so sickens him with the game that he resigns his post, adopts and educates the son of the dead man, gives up his former mistress, and devotes himself entirely to public defence. But his knowledge of the underworld is too dangerous for his former associates and they try to bring about his downfall by every means in their power. Finally the adopted son is persuaded to burgle his safe and Burton is blackmailed by his ex-mistress to buy back the papers. He arrives at her apartment late at night and finds her murdered, with the boy lying in a drunken stupor on the bed beside her. Burton hides the boy's tracks and gives himself up to the police for the crime; in the trial that follows he conducts his own defence and pins the guilt on to the right man in the ablest forensic adventure of his long career.

The plot of this film is so neat and the dialogue so bright and shrewd that it would be good entertainment even without Edmund Lowe in the title part; his playing just gives it the extra grace that puts it into the class of films that shouldn't be missed. The cast is good all through and the picture opens and closes with a punch. The director, Irving Cummings, has spent so many years of his life making "westerns" and playing in them that action has become his second name.

## At the Plaza.

*The Dark Horse*, with that interesting newcomer, Warren William, is a grand comedy of American politics, which combines shrewd satire with broad farce in a whirlwind story of bluff and counter-bluff. The plot is nothing more than the

## At the Regal.

The talkies have turned out many good "troupers" in their time, but few better than Edmund Lowe who plays the name-part in *Attorney for the Defence*, the current production at the Regal. Lowe was a star in silent film days, but it is his peculiar combination of

attempt of Hal Blake, a professional campaigner, to get his peculiarly dumb candidate, Hicks, elected to the governor's chair. But from the moment when Hicks, having nothing to say at all, is put up as a "dark horse" to split a too-solid opposition vote, to the scene of his final triumphant election, the picture goes from one laugh to another, and provides unflagging entertainment. Warren William, as the flamboyant Blake, and that grand old trooper, Guy Kibbee, as the bewildered Hicks, set up a new record in slick comedy teams; Bette Davis, Vivienne Osborne, Frank McHugh, and Sam Hardy have no trouble in keeping up their respective corners of the supporting cast.

## At the Capitol.

The dignity of British production is represented at the Capitol by *Love on the Spot*, a story of romance and robbery with musical interruptions, in the now fashionable manner. A gentleman burglar and a lady swindler meet and fall in love at the Southdown Hotel (fully licensed), to which they have repaired to carry on their nefarious trades. Somewhere on the dance floor, or at the cocktail bar, or in the swimming pool, a number of jewel robberies are neatly accomplished (we are told that "the gentlemen come to the Southdown Hotel for the golf," but are left to take the statement on trust), but the hero is so moved by the heroine's passionate confession, "Don't you understand? I'm shady," that he returns all the goods with promptness and despatch, and the two embark on a new life of honesty together. If you don't like the high moral tone of this story, and don't find anything very scintillating in wise-cracks such as "Are you interested in mines?" "Yes, mines a whisky and soda," you have always an alternative in the American marriage problem, *Westward Bound*, which shares the honours of the programme.

## In the Provinces.

There are at least two worth-while releases, one British and the other American, in the current list. The British film is *A Night Like This*; not, perhaps, the best of the Aldwych farces, but sufficiently entertaining to pass the evening pleasantly for an audience in holiday mood. The present version is embellished by elaborate cabaret scenes and the playing of Roy Fox's band, but nothing much matters except the inimitable fooling of Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn. Tom is an Irish policeman, raiding a night club, and Ralph, a gay young lad who is out after a stolen necklace; after a rather slow start the two fall into company, and then the show goes with a bang. The story is a little involved, but that doesn't worry the Lynn-Walls duo. Their main accomplishment is the unravelling of tangled plots, and the more intricate the material the better their comic ingenuity seems to thrive.

The American release is an exposure of police-force methods called *Disorderly Conduct*. Whether or not the picture that it gives of graft and corruption throughout the service can be taken as true to life, the director and players have done their work well enough to make the argument interesting. The hero is one Dick Fay, a patrol sergeant whose reputation for incorruptibility is a thorn in the side of the political grafters. They arrange to have him degraded and sent to a down-town job where he will be out of their way, and there Fay, deciding that it doesn't pay to be honest, sets out to graft with the best of them. He gets more and more deeply involved in the racket until finally, after a boot-legging round-up, his own nephew is shot in the street by machine-gun fire, and Fay, making a conveniently clean sweep of the murderers, goes back to integrity and a happy ending. It is quite possible to enjoy the film without in the least accepting the conclusion. Spencer Tracy, as Fay, is good; he is not so handsome as the script would have us believe, but he has brain as well as brawn, and his policeman is a human being, not a Hollywood double. Sally (bad girl) Eilers is charming as the girl in the case, and Ralph Bellamy gives one of his characteristic strong-man performances as the down-town officer who fights for his men against corruption.



MISS DIANA NAPIER IN "WEDDING REHEARSAL"

This film is founded on the book by Mr. Anthony Gibbs, and a good many of the scenes were shot in Oxford by special permission of the authorities of the various colleges. Mr. Anthony Gibbs is a son of Sir Philip Gibbs





AT THE DEVON AND EXETER 'CHASES: MAJOR AND MRS. RENNELL COLERIDGE AND LORD SIDMOUTH



THE HON. MRS. LEITH, MAJOR LEITH AND MRS. G. J. ACLAND TROYTE

## 'CHASING IN DEVON

The Devon and Exeter Steeplechases, held last Wednesday and Thursday at Haldon, provided this page of mainly West Country personalities. Major Rennell Coleridge, an ex-High Sheriff of Devon, lives at Salston, Ottery St. Mary. Lord Sidmouth has a place near Honiton, and Mrs. Acland Troyte is the wife of Lieut. Colonel G. J. Acland Troyte, the Member for the Tiverton Division, whose home is Huntsham Court. The Hon. Mrs. Leith is Lord Swansea's youngest sister. Her husband used to be in the King's Royal Rifle Corps



MAJOR JOHN HARVEY AND MISS LOCKETT



THE REV. LORD DEVON AND MRS. R. FULFORD

Lord Devon, who lives at Powderham Castle, near Exeter, was Rector of Powderham until 1927, when he succeeded his brother as fifteenth earl. Lord Mamhead, formerly Sir Robert Newman, was created a baron in the New Year Honours, and took his title from his Devon seat. He was acting as honorary judge at the 'chases. Mr. Cyril Maude and his wife came over from Redlap, their charming house at Dartmouth, where the famous actor now spends most of the year



LORD MAMHEAD (WHO WAS JUDGING) WITH MAJOR-GENERAL SIR R. BARNES



MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE



# RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

THE heat wave which had been on all the week reached its climax at Hurst Park on Friday, and the costumes adopted to compete with it were many and varied. No coats, tennis shirts, and white flannels were the vogue, the latter garments being exchanged for or, having become dove grey, battleship grey, or "elephant's breath" by the Saturday. Strong men were even seen sheltering under a parasol which had probably been left and forgotten on a seat by some woman.

The racing on the first day was neither very interesting nor remunerative, but the second day showed us Yellowstone and Udaipur. The former is not in the Leger, and it took him so long to win his race that he appears only to be a stayer. Contrary to the opinion of many good judges, I personally was impressed with the performance of Udaipur. A quarter of a mile from home Beary let her go into the lead in two strides, and then at a hack canter kept turning round to have a look at the others. About the fourth time he did so Richards made his effort and drew alongside him about 100 yards from home. At this time the filly was cantering and slowing down, having nothing to do. Seeing he had taken things too easily, Beary shook the whip at her and she bounded forward and won pulling up. Admittedly the opposition was very moderate, but anyone who has let a horse slow down to nothing and then suddenly tried to turn on the tap at the end of a mile-and-a-half knows how slow the response generally is, in fact, how often there is practically no response at all for the first 100 yards until they can get going again. This filly is a fine individual, a stayer, and has speed. Her book performances are good, and I am going to stand her for the Leger to win and be gilt-edged to be in the first three. Her dangers, Miracle and April the Fifth, are

no longer dangers; Orwell, I doubt getting the trip, even if fit and well, and Violator must be the only menace excepting perhaps her stable companion, Dastur. A most intrinsic performance at Hurst was that of Apple Time, who is one of the gamest little creatures in training and has been admirably placed. Barring one accident she should never have been beaten, and to have won three selling-plates at 5 to 1 for a start and be bought in generally at a fifth of her value shows organization. She is only a little 'un and she had a hard race to give away 12 lb. to Miss Elegance, so that I hope she now gets the rest she has earned for a month or so.

The going at York for the Ebor meeting was on the hard side, a very different business from the snipe bog on which we raced in May. Over the week-end everyone seemed to have returned from their holidays, mostly in shades of tan varying

from Belvoir to "lemon pie."

Le Touquet must have been as crowded as Blackpool and Deauville nearly the same. One gentleman who had been to the latter place for a rest and to buy some yearlings, declared that he saw nothing that he liked. This may be true of the bloodstock, but if intended as a generalization can only be described as a gross misrepresentation of the facts, and not in accordance with the evidence.

At such an admirably run meeting as

York it seems invidious even to make suggestions, but couldn't the lunch be on the same high level as the rest of the meeting? York generally leads in race-course improvements and amenities, and it would be wonderful for lunching on a race-course to be a pleasure. Racing on the first day was good if a shade nerve-racking, but in nearly every race a well-backed horse won, and the majority probably went home in credit. Versicle just, and only just, squeaked home from Mannerling, and one begins to wonder more and more if there is a good two-year-old this year. There certainly doesn't seem to be an outstanding one. Colorow, anyway by the public, was rated a good one, and ran rather less than half that, and Young Lover won the Gimcrack. I am inclined to think that Colorado is as good as most.

The going may have been too hard for him, and the race too fast, or it may be the inevitable Anno Domini, but Brown Jack was never in the Ebor with a chance, and it may be hard to find another race for him to win until perhaps the Alexandra Stakes at Ascot next year. The Wednesday was a dread day for most backers, Firdaussi being the only favourite to come to the rescue, and that at long odds on to beat the other two runners. It was only by superhuman efforts that a punter of my acquaintance contrived to get a more than favourable rate of odds about placing the first two, the final offer which clinched the deal being that he would take the same odds to place all three—a generous sounding gesture which surely one could hardly refuse, though it would seemingly be hard to place two without placing the lot.

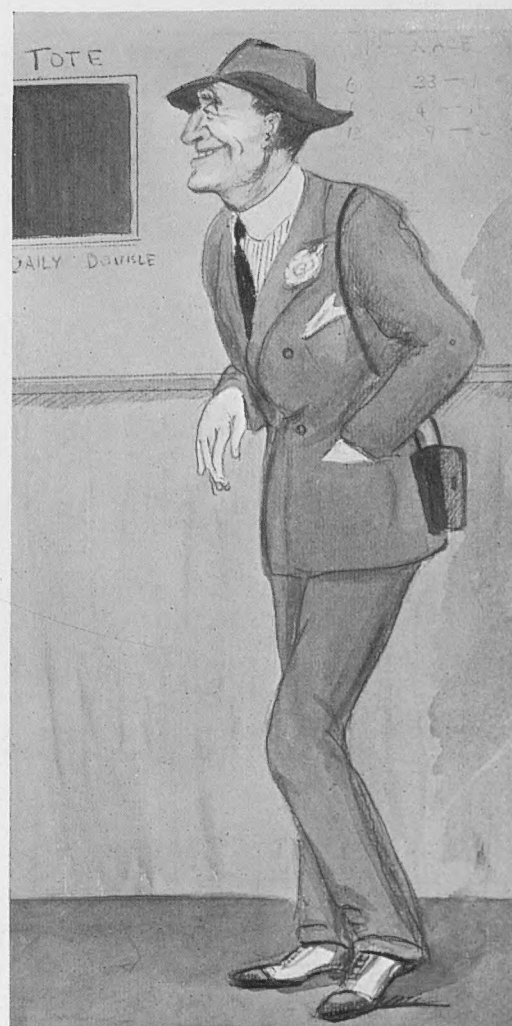
A full and undisturbed night's rest is essential to the well being of a jockey, and nothing can have been more exasperating to one of the fraternity than having his sleep broken into by a distant race-course acquaintance who, with a strangled cry of "darling," took him in his arms. It must be admitted there was no one more surprised than the intruder who, to a large and mixed assembly attracted by the cries, pleaded inability to read numbers correctly, the Gaming Act, and habeas the wrong corpus. The matter was only settled after a further round of drinks.



AT YORK RACES: LADY STANLEY AND LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. SIR JOHN GATHORNE-HARDY

On the Ebor Handicap day, when the 9 to 1 chance, Cat-o-Nine-Tails, gave Gordon Richards yet another big winner. Lady Stanley is Lord Derby's daughter-in-law. Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir John Gathorne-Hardy is an uncle of Lord Cranbrook

More pictures of this event in next week's issue



HARRY COTTRILL

A wonderful impression of the Lambourn celebrity who has a great following amongst owners and like good wine needs no bush. Like father like son, for Cottrill minor is an excellent G.R., and Cottrill major was and is still a cracker to go



# SUN AND SEA-AIR AT SANDWICH



(Left) LADY ANNALY AND LORD SPENCER

CAPTAIN AND MRS. H. H. BAIRD AND MISS E. KERR



MISS NANCY BRASSEY AND MR. RONALD GILBEY

A TOUCH OF THE SUN: MRS. CLIFTON AND LADY RHODES

The famous old Cinque Port used to be far closer to the bounding main than it is at present. The sea has receded most persistently but is still quite close enough—and there are, as the enthusiast knows, some excellent links. It was full to the brim when these snapshots of various well-known people were taken. Lady Annaly is Lord Spencer's sister, and Lord Annaly has a house in the top end of the Fernie country. Lord Spencer's family pack is the Pytchley since it was founded by a Spencer, and the present Earl is at the head of the Hunt Committee. Captain H. H. Baird was in the Buffs and is now the Secretary of Prince's. Miss Nancy Brassey is Lady Norah Graham's daughter by her first marriage to the late Lieut.-Colonel Harold Brassey, who was killed in action. Lady Norah Graham is a sister of the Earl of Donoughmore. Lady Rhodes, who is the wife of Sir John Rhodes, Bart., is finding how excruciating it is to be sun-peeled!



LADY NORAH GRAHAM AND MRS. JOHN CRAIGIE





SHOOTING IN AYRSHIRE

Sir Charles Cayzer, M.P. for Chester, with Lady Cayzer and Colonel Noel Laing on Major Sir Herbert Cayzer's grouse moor near Darvel, where the Member for Portsmouth and his guests have been having good sport. Sir Charles is Sir Herbert Cayzer's nephew. The name of the boy in front was, unfortunately, not signalled

#### Autumn Eventide in August.

**A** NOVEMBER day has been prematurely born. It is still August, but there is an autumnal feeling in the air which belies the season. Not that I mind very much. I love the autumn days which unexpectedly come in summer, just as I enjoy the summer days which seem to have lost themselves in their proper season only to find their way back to us in December. This is half the charm of the English climate. It is not a climate to encourage future plans, but it never lacks surprises, and even in what I will call the monotony of the unpremeditated there is a certain delightful humour. But perhaps I am not normal. I am among the few who really enjoy a thoroughly rainy day. What I do not like, however, is the kind of rainy day which can never make up its mind what it is going to be, and encourages us to go out of doors with sunshine, only to drench us to the skin when we have decided that this sunshine is going to last. But a rainy day which has thoroughly made up its mind to be rainy I find very restful. Nobody is likely to come to see you; there is every reason for not going out. If it happens in the summer there is also an excuse towards evening to light a small fire, shut out the horrid grey clouds, and taste something of the cosiness of an autumn evening. Such a day, for example, overtook me last week. It was cold for the time of the year; it had rained since early morning, something of winter silence had settled down upon a neighbourhood which from July to October is otherwise a loud, discordant symphony of motor-horns and hilarious trippers. Everything invited one to shut oneself in and to get down to a quiet evening. Secretly a delightful prospect. Moreover, having nothing very much to do, I could do exactly what I liked without feeling the forefinger of conscience held up to me in disapprobation. Moreover, summer literary publications always seem, except in rare exceptions, to be a publisher's after-thoughts, or, peradventure, something to keep the staff together. I looked through the bundle which had been sent down to me that morning, and not a single

## With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

volume seemed to promise the least surprise. Experience teaches you to be able to tell the quality of a book at a glance, and the first twenty-five pages are, as a rule, conclusive. So one by one I glanced through them only to drop them on the floor, wondering for the thousand-and-first time how so many books find a publisher, and *why*? The last one I glanced through concerned an old gentleman who had been found murdered in his study. Alas! I wasn't sufficiently interested to discover who had done it, because a corpse which is found murdered in a study has, so to speak, never anything to tell us. I often wonder why old gentlemen have studies at all. In books, at least, nine out of ten of them are stabbed, or shot, or poisoned at their desks. Consequently, my eyes wandered towards one of those shelves which contain all the books which you have loved and hoped to read again, and many of those which you have never read at all, but hope to do so one day before you die. The volumes at my feet were only so many mere acquaintances, and I didn't feel in the mood for acquaintances. You never do in the autumn. Acquaintances are summer pastimes. I wanted friends. Old friends—people whom I had known and loved all my life, and who consequently did not require greater entertainment than a kind of desultory converse which neverthe-

less hides so much affectionate remembrance. I kicked the new books out of my way and wandered over to the book-case. Every book a welcome. It was like coming home.

\* \* \*

#### Real Silent Friends.

**N**ow there is only one way to enjoy the company of these real silent friends. It is not to pick out one and re-read it all the way through; it is to pick out half a dozen, return with them to your easy chair, and dip into each of them at leisure, searching for just those passages which you know hold so much beauty, so great a truth, so many happy smiles. Such a collection chosen at random, moreover, means usually a wholly varied assortment. You may have quite forgotten that you possessed that particular book at all. This one—well, haven't you loved it blindly for years? "Wuthering Heights"? Yes, you really must read once more that lovely scene of farewell when Cathie is alone with Heathcliff and the others have gone to church. And "Cranford"? Yes, you feel just in the mood to read again the story of those dreadful burglaries which somehow or other never happened. And that beautifully illustrated guide book of Kent? Yes, you will take that out, too, because Kent is such a lovely county and these photographs are



Photographs by Arthur Owen

LORD COLUM CRICHTON-STUART WITH  
MRS. NOEL LAING

Two more members of Sir Herbert Cayzer's shooting party in Ayrshire, which included no fewer than three M.P.'s. Lord Bute's brother has represented the Northwich Division of Cheshire since 1922

so perfect that, if only you pretend, you seem actually to be wherever they were taken. And old Omar? I haven't dipped into the "Rubaiyat" for years! And only to think how in the long, long ago it was scarcely ever out of my pocket!

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,  
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;  
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*?  
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!

Another and another Cup to drown  
The memory of this Impertinence!

And so to "The Roadmender" and this sweet, haunting passage: "As I write the sun is setting; in the pale radiance of the sky above his glory there dawns the evening star, and

(Continued on p. 350)



## NOT QUITE HOUSE-TRAINED?

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Lady (engaging maid): Is your daughter clean in her work?  
Mrs. Smith: Oh yes, mum, she's unscrupulous



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

earth like a tired child turns her face to the bosom of the night." And what little book ever bade its readers a fonder, sweeter farewell? "It lies here ready in our hand, this life of adoration which we needs must live hand in hand with earth, for has she not borne the curse with us? But beyond the white gate and the trail of woodbine falls the silence greater than speech, darkness greater than light, a pause of 'a little while'; and then the touch of that healing garment as we pass to the King in His beauty in a land from which there is no return. At the gateway, then, I cry you farewell." Such peace descending! Such loveliness! Only the final passage of "Wuthering Heights" surpasses it in the quiet beauty which should be the end of a tale and of life: "I lingered round them under that benign sky, watched the moths fluttering among the heath and hare-bells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

## Old Associations.

As you sit alone over the fireside re-reading all these most perfect silent friends, something of the dead and gone years seem to envelop you, fragrant with the fragrant of passed experiences which Time has softened, so that their outline, even the more painful, hold only the poignancy of a quiet sigh. You are happy and at rest, simply because your heart has strangely slipped back into the shadows. With each book you pick up you revive a memory. And life is but a series of memories after all. It was some years ago, for instance, since the poems of Emily Dickenson were first brought to my notice. I remember it distinctly—the place, almost the time, certainly the friend who, being enthusiastic, wished me to share in his enthusiasm—one of the most thrilling aspects of friendship.

Where Thou art—that is Home,  
Cashmere or Calvary—the same.  
Degree—or shame,  
I scarce esteem location's name  
So I may come.

What Thou do'st is delight,  
Bondage as play be sweet,  
Imprisonment content  
And sentence sacrament,  
Just we two meet!

And the day and the friend who first introduced me to a little book, long, apparently, out of print, but which contains the heart-cry of a very noble human soul—the soul of a rich woman who, knowing that she could never bear children, sought out the poorest, most poverty-afflicted babes in the East End of London to bring them up as her own. The result was a magnificent work of human creation, which, alas! she did not live to see finally accomplished. This little book, which in reality consists of a series of letters written to a doctor friend, was written for the most part after the knowledge had been revealed to the writer that within the next few years she was doomed to die. It revealed the courage and the philosophy of a very brave and generous soul: "If the being you love best dies first, your duty is increased by all she may still have wished to do, but had to leave undone. Do it then with double energy and wish for more time, so that you may be able to do your work well. Let your love brace you up to more strength, not break you down before your time. Then, indeed, death and sorrow will have helped to make a man better, stronger for

the good, and stronger also in his admiration of all that is lovely and lovable. Had I not solved Life and Death's great riddle in this way, I would have no heart left to face the days that are to come for myself and for my dear ones."

## Travelling in an Armchair.

And the next book my idle hands picked up out of those strewn on the floor around me? Just the lovely illustrated book of Switzerland which the Medici Society published some years ago. One could spend hours looking at these beautiful scenes; the photographs so marvellously clear, their reproduction perfect—so far as photography can ever hold the "soul"

of any place. It seems so strange that Switzerland, the land of such exquisite beauty, should have given birth to so few painters, still fewer poets; even musicians. Is it that the country itself is such a perfect picture, so exquisite a poem, so utterly beyond the necessity of music to reveal its loveliness to the mind, that for the Swiss there is no need? That, indeed, everything beautiful which has come from men's minds and hearts has come through suffering and loneliness; that, starved of beauty, men create the loveliest things? Just as the blind have learnt how to listen, and the deaf how properly to see, and the lonely know friendship, and the loveless realize the worth of affection, and the dying know God. It would, indeed, appear so.

And this may also be why most of us turn to books and to music, to poetry and to art, to silence and to our own thoughts, rather than to other people; since experience has taught us that other people, being articulate, sooner or later destroy every lovely illusion, every sympathy of silence. And so, in my own enthusiasm for visiting country churches and churchyards, I would sooner take with me a little book, published several years ago by Methuen which tells one how to look at old churches, than any friend whose society I can commandeer in life's present period. For it tells me what I want to know. It builds up for me the history of these lovely old buildings, and my own imagination re-creates the scene. There is something extraordinarily peaceful about these old village churches. It would seem as if all the happiness, all the sorrow, all the life and death and hope which have been brought into them throughout the centuries have left a memory of themselves in the air, so that one seems to come out of the sunshine into the brooding sweetness of lives which have never been chronicled, but which have lived and loved and *known* . . . and been forgotten, even as you and I will one day be. Not for one single moment have I been bored, and to say that of any evening is to prove it profitable. It is so nice to be alone sometimes! It is so nice to be quiet on occasion! It is so nice from time to time to close one's tired eyes and to remember! And so, as Lawrence Sterne wrote so many years ago: "Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments. Long, long since had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground. When the way is too rough for my feet or too steep for my strength I get off it to some smooth velvet path which Fancy has scatter'd over with rosebuds of delights, and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd."

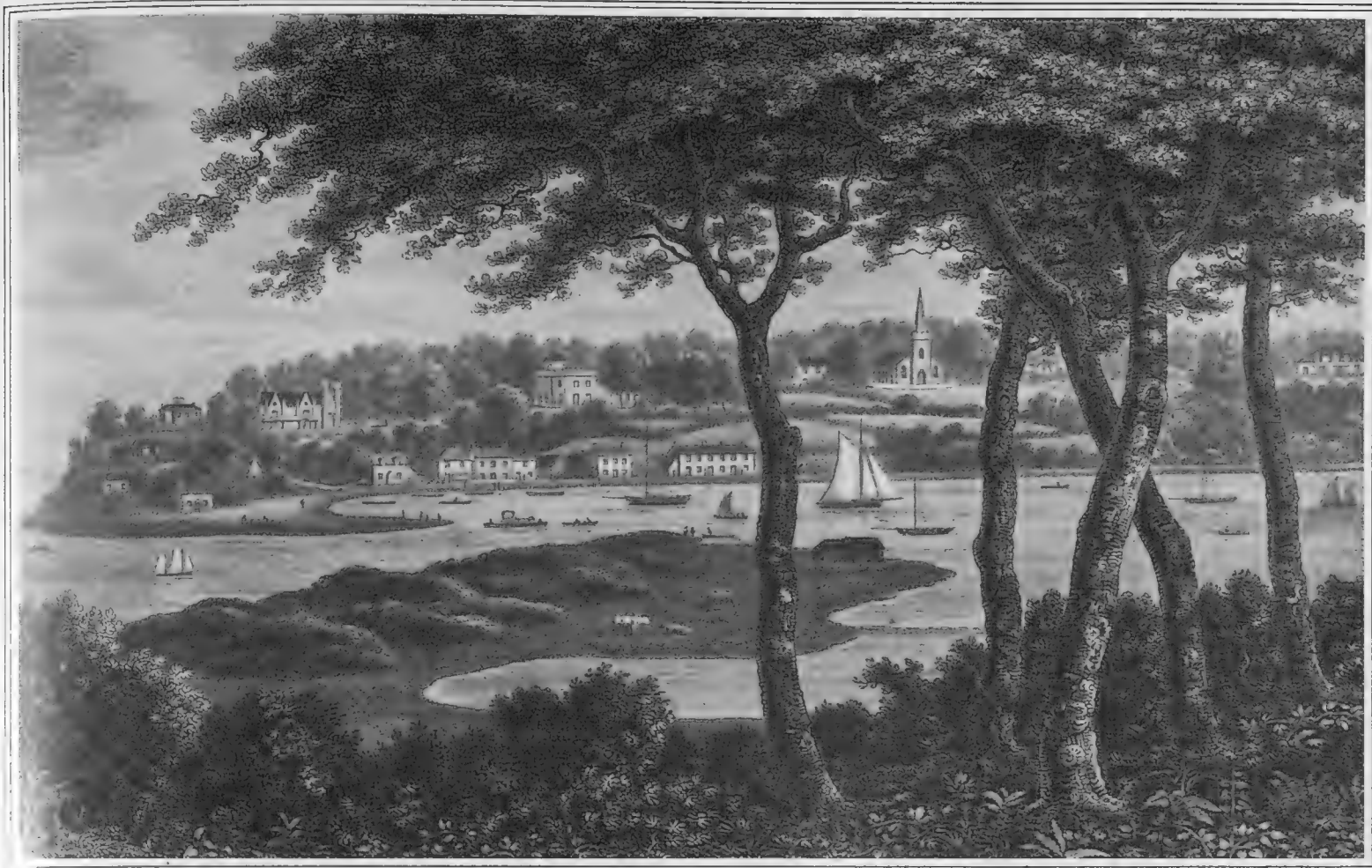


THE HON. MRS. EVAN MORGAN

One of "Autori's" cleverest impressions of a charming lady, better remembered, perhaps, by many of us as the Hon. Lois Sturt, a sister of Lord Alington. She married the Hon. Evan Morgan, Lord Tredegar's son and heir, in 1928



## BEMBRIDGE AS IT WAS—AND AS IT IS



BEMBRIDGE IN 1829

The above reproduction of an old print, which must be of great interest to all Bembridgians, shows this popular resort in its infancy with an extensive harbour, now, alas! rapidly silting up. Prominently seen on the left is North Wells, now the residence of Brigadier-General Woodroffe, and (in centre) the grove, the residence of Brigadier-General Phillips, which formerly belonged to Mrs. Phillips' father, Colonel Moreton, the founder of modern Bembridge



MRS. WOODROFFE PUSHING OFF IN HER DINGHY



MISS PEGGY PHILLIPS AND MISS MARY CAMPBELL

These two bottom pictures show Bembridge as it is, and at a busy moment for some of the members of the Bembridge Sailing Club. Mrs. Woodroffe is the wife of Brigadier-General Woodroffe, whose house, as mentioned is seen in that old print at the top of this page, and Miss Phillips is the daughter of Brigadier-General Phillips, whose house is also in the top picture. Miss Campbell is the daughter of the new Commodore of the Bembridge Sailing Club, Captain Sir Charles Campbell, who was elected to succeed Sir Philip Hunloke. Sir Charles Campbell was Vice-Commodore, and is now succeeded by Captain Arthur Herbert, who was Rear-Commodore





Hay Wrightson

MR. J. A. MOLLISON

Who at the time of going to press was about to start his flight back over the Atlantic from America. His magnificent solo flight east to west over the Atlantic broke all previous records, and should be enough to satisfy even his soaring ambition

critics—the modern newspaper. Neither has any independent existence outside the printed words telling of their existence. Actually, the aviator is a model of compliance—one might almost say, to indicate superlative excellence in this, a 1933 model of compliance.

It is not the desire for money that keeps him righteous, but the pages and pages and pages of official documents; he is not a wage slave, but a page slave. Sometimes it might be better if he revolted, although one does not wish to see flying producing the kind of lawlessness that the motor-car is said to be producing. But I doubt if the relative freedom enjoyed by the motorist as compared with the air pilot has anything to do with what is called motoring crime. Possessing the instinct of scepticism, the tendency to render an eye for a nay and a nay for an eye, I question many of these stories of motoring highwaymen and car bandits, and ask whether the vehicle really has anything to do with the crime, or whether the public and Scotland Yard—that crèche—are not being mesmerized by names.

The power of names has only recently been appreciated, largely as a result of the work of ingenious publicity men. Call a dog a good name, and you bring him into the editorial columns; call a pick-pocket an "aerial pick-pocket," and he takes on an altogether new significance. Yet it does not make any basic difference if, before knocking someone over the head with an iron bar, a man drives up in a motor-car or arrives on a bicycle, in an aeroplane, or on foot and bowling a hoop. There is no real connection between aeroplanes and hitting people over the head with iron bars.

#### Flying and Fault-finding.

It is important, therefore, if the aeroplane is to be justly treated, that when some enterprising newspaper—and all newspapers are by definition enterprising—finds that some criminal has used or intended to use an aeroplane in the execution of his crime, and seizes the

# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## Aerial Highwaymen.

We had our smash-and-grab raiders, our car bandits, and our motor highwaymen, a notable gallery of mobile mobsmen, but, so far, we have not been supplied with aerial desperadoes and flying filibusters. The aircraft cracksmen is confined to the fiction that is stranger than truth, and the aerial smuggler to the crowded page of glorious lies that constitutes—according to its

opportunity to call him an "air bandit," we should pause and examine closely his claims to that title. Do not let us too readily accept the view that advances in applied science have merely given criminals a wider scope. And this circumspection is especially necessary in minor cases of the same kind. There is the "dangerous low flying" for instance. Low flying, whether safe or dangerous, is novel, so it attracts attention altogether out of proportion to its badness. Like an aerial bandit, the low-flying pilot is regarded by many with loathing, as a criminal given his opportunity by the advances of applied science.

On the larger scale there is the disarmament attitude to which I referred last week. It seems to be the view of the Disarmament Conference representatives that flying is evil, and that its capacity for doing harm outweighs its capacity for doing good. That is because flying is new. Aerial warfare comes before those static brains with the same sort of shock as car banditry. To kill people by blowing them to pieces with a shell is admissible; but to kill them by blowing them to pieces with a bomb dropped out of an aeroplane is ghastly. It is the aeroplane whose newness somehow confers upon the age-old act of homicide a new horror.

The truth is, as I said last week, and as should be emphasized on every possible occasion, that every notable advance in applied science, aeronautics included, offers mankind the chance of equally great results both on the credit and the debit sides. Flying is the greatest instrument for peace. It is therefore, and at the same time, the greatest instrument for war. If it is used primarily for war, the fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our aeroplanes, but in ourselves.

## Hillman Lines.

Flying at 3d. per mile per passenger is now possible over any distances and at any times. This fact is not sufficiently widely known, and the belief is general that the minimum charge for air-taxi work is 1s. a mile. The reduction in price is not due to any novelty in the machines or their engines, but to the organizing genius and ability of Mr. Hillman of Hillman's Airways, Romford.

Mr. Hillman built up from nothing one of the most flourishing motor-coach companies operating to-day. He has studied the problems of transport, not in the fancy manner sometimes favoured by aircraft operators, but in the hard school of competition. In the whole range of commercial flying Mr. Hillman probably possesses the most extensive practical knowledge and experience of passenger transport work. It is comparatively recently that he has turned to aviation and taken over the Maylands Aerodrome at Romford. But already he is able to offer a better deal to those who wish to fly than the majority of his competitors.

Indirectly I have made some inquiries into the equipment and personnel of the Hillman air lines, and I find them such that they may be recommended to everyone wishing to travel by air. Machines are of the best type and the pilots are experienced and skilful men. Moreover, there are no heroics about the Hillman lines. They are run for the convenience of the passengers, and not for the glorification of the pilots or anyone else. The hiring rate for the entire machine—Puss Moths are mainly used—costs only 6d. per mile, and as two passengers can be carried, the rate per passenger per mile, as I have mentioned, is 3d.

I recommend that those who want an air-taxi should remember Hillman air lines of Romford. They will find there the kind of efficiency that the experienced traveller demands. And they will find also the best equipment and extremely low charges.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. FRANCIS FRANCIS AT HESTON—BACK FROM A WORLD TOUR

The machine they used was a Sikovsky amphibian, "The Blue Falcon," and it is the first time that a machine of this particular type has been seen in England. Captain and Mrs. Francis (who was Miss Sunny Jarman, the well-known actress) flew 15,000 miles round America





*Yevonde, Victoria Street*

**MISS ROSE BINGHAM—LADY ROSABELLE BRAND'S PRETTY DAUGHTER**

Two recent and most attractive portraits of Lady Rosabelle Brand's daughter by her first marriage to Mr. David Cecil Bingham, who was in the Coldstream and was killed in the fierce fighting in 1914, during the Mons retreat. Mr. Bingham was a son of Major-General the Hon. Cecil Bingham, the second son of the late Earl of Lucan. Lady Rosabelle Brand is a daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, and her second husband, Lt.-Col. J. C. Brand, who commanded a battalion of the Coldstream, died in 1929



## FROM SOMEWHERE



AT AIX-LES-BAINS: THE HON. MOYA BERESFORD AND MRS. LYDIARD WILSON



AN AQUA-PLANING PARTY: MR. D'ARCY RUTHERFORD, MR. GUY PUCKLE, MISS TERZA CLIFTON AND OTHERS

## IN EUROPE



SIR ERNEST AND LADY HORLICK AND MRS. DENNIS LARKING



"THE SPORTIVAL" 500 METRES RACE AT NICE: CHANGE YOUR KIT EVERY 100 METRES!



AT CAP D'ANTIBES: MAJOR AND MRS. PAT ANDERSON

We may imagine that we have had a monopoly of all the sun west of Suez, but this is very far from being the truth. It has been shining a bit elsewhere also, and in most of these places on this page they do not make such a song about 90° odd in the shade as we have done, because they are far more used to it. Sun is extremely good for you if you know how to dress to meet it. We don't in England! All the pictures at the top were taken at Aix-les-Bains (Savoy), supposed to be for the infirm only! It is not, of course, as these pictures display. The Hon. Moya Beresford, Lord and Lady Decies' younger daughter, is not an invalid emphatically; neither are the aqua-planing specialists, nor Sir Ernest and Lady Horlick, nor Mrs. Dennis Larking, wife of Captain Dennis Larking, who was our naval attaché in Rome during the war and after—she was Miss Nina Allatini. The embarrassing thing about the "Theatre Race" at Le Sportival competitions was that the runners had to change their clothes every 100 metres of the 500 of the distance; however, it was managed without any undue mishaps. Major and Mrs. Pat Anderson were staying with Lord and Lady Bearsted at their charming villa at Cap d'Antibes when they were shot at mid-day. Mrs. Pat Anderson is Sir Robert Abdy's sister, and he used to be in the Seaforth's



## BOTH SIDES OF THE IRISH SEA



*Pool, Dublin*  
IN CO. CAVAN: ERNEST CLARKE AND HIS BROTHER SIR RUPERT CLARKE, BT.

*Pool, Dublin*  
ALSO IN IRELAND: LADY BECTIVE AND LORD KENLIS AT VIRGINIA PARK, LOUGH RAMOR



AT BEAULIEU: LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU AND HER CHILDREN, LORD MONTAGU AND THE HON. CLARE AND THE HON. CAROLINE SCOTT-MONTAGU

AND MRS. CYRIL CUBITT, LADY MONTAGU'S SISTER, AND HER CHILDREN MICHAEL, VICTOR, DESMOND AND BARRY CUBITT ALSO AT PALACE HOUSE, BEAULIEU

Both the pictures at the top were taken in beautiful Co. Cavan, where Lord and Lady Bective have furnished Lord Headfort's shooting lodge at Virginia, on the banks of Lough Ramor, where the shooting and fishing are quite first class. Lord Bective is the Marquess of Headfort's son, and Sir Rupert Clarke and his brother are Lady Bective's sons by her first marriage to the late Sir Rupert Clarke, who died in 1926. Little Lord Kenlis was only born in January. The other two groups were taken at Palace House, Beaulieu, Hants. The late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu died in 1929, and was succeeded by his only son, who was born in 1926. The present Lady Montagu was his second wife and was married in 1920, and she and her sister are daughters of the late Major Barrington Crake, Rifle Brigade



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

*A Tragedy of Manners*

RONALD WARD AS CHARMING HUSBAND, GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS WIFE AND TARGET

THE UNDERSTANDING  
DAME: MAY WHITTY

FIRST nights often differ from the rest, and so do the critics in majority. I gathered, from newspaper headlines only (for it is a mistake to read other reviews before one's own is written), that Mr. John van Druten's *Behold, We Live* was a grey, grim, sombre affair, concerned with gloomy egotists, but redeemed in part through good acting by Gerald du Maurier and a barely audible Gertrude Lawrence.

I came from the country to see it on the most stifling evening in August, and found a full house being stimulated by play and players, including a completely audible Gertrude Lawrence. The audience was sensitive, at any rate during the first act, to the newspaper warnings of gloom; but it afterwards reached enthusiasm. Meanwhile, it had laughed when frequent laughter was intended, and at other times it had kept the silence which marks deep interest. Most of it seemed to be gripped as closely as I was.

The play, if you like, has a sombre theme, though not more so than that of *Musical Chairs*, which has run for hundreds of nights. It opens on a half-drunk husband pointing a revolver at his wife in a Paris hotel, because she hesitates to cloak his affair with a villa-lady in Cannes. She is invited not to be a bloody martyr, and told that nobody would be seen dead in a ditch with her. Wife-threatening by revolver is Tono Cazenove's happy habit. He is one of those dear, good-looking, peculiar laddies special to the nineteen-twenties. Sarah, the wife, is misery in Molyneux (Gertrude Lawrence's apparel, by the way, is held to be so important that on the programme its authors come before the scenic designer, although the latter precedes Dame May Whitty's dress-makers).

Suicide by sleeping-draught is indicated by Sarah. Gertrude Lawrence, though, cannot be thus removed in the first act, especially when Gerald du Maurier has arrived to promote fortitude. He is Gordon Evers, K.C., chance acquaintance from the lobby, who is roped in for the night's cabaret-crawl when Tono suddenly leaves for Cannes. He drags from her the tale of the revolver, and of the intended overdose of sleeping-draught. Came the appropriate dawn, rising over

THE DISCREET DAILY:  
EVERLEY GREGG

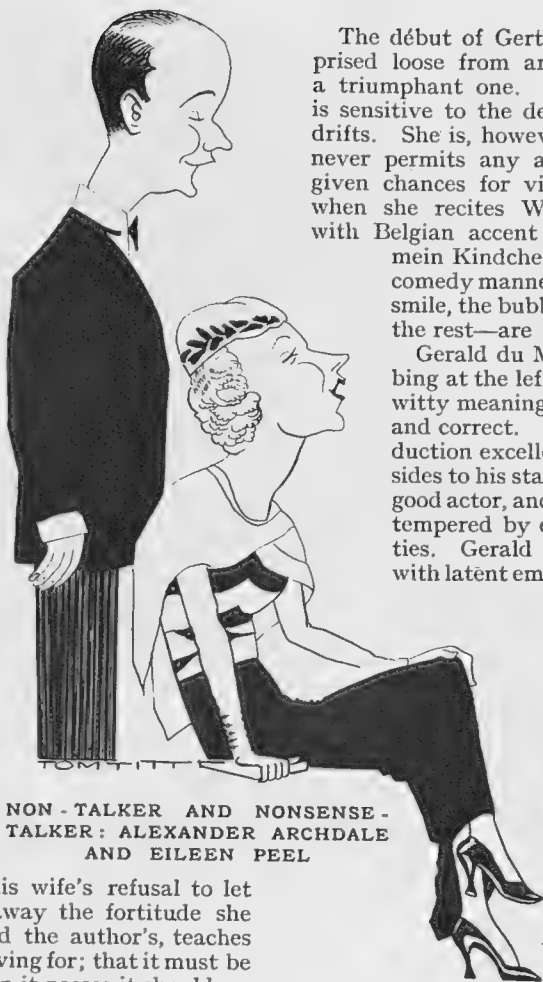


Montmartre's roof-tops and garish lights, after return to the hotel at 5 a.m. The formula for Sir Gerald, faced by a woman crying on the divan, is to say masterfully, "Come here!" and show from the balcony the returning sun which can symbolise the woman's future. As for ending it all with the sleeping-draught, that would be one of the things that just aren't done.

The rest of the play binds itself around relations between these two characters, and uses the other rôles merely for filling in detail. Sarah, prodded by Gordon into divorce from Tono, sets up as a woman on her own in a London flat, with the sentimental ritual of unpacking "my own books," including *Alice*, *Uncle Remus* and *Diseases of the Horse*.

Loving and loved, the pair have three years' happiness, although the K.C.'s wife spitefully refuses him a divorce. Gordon's mother helps to make their love respectable; for Gordon's mother is a Dame of the British Empire. The scandal that loses Gordon a judgeship makes no headway against a tide of contentment that can rise to the heights at one moment, and at another express itself by blowing soap-bubbles with the D.B.E. And when the author makes Gordon die suddenly under the surgeon's knife, not even his wife's refusal to let Sarah attend the death-bed can take away the fortitude she has acquired. Her understanding, and the author's, teaches that happiness is difficult, but worth striving for; that it must be cherished when attained; and that when it passes it should receive in memory the tribute it deserves. *Behold, We Live* shows, with unusual clarity, a phase in the lives of two interesting people. It uses a new treatment for an oft-told story. It has a closer contact with life than with theatrical effects. Its events arrive without special regard for stage unities, although enough sense of the theatre is there to make the "naturalism" seem dramatic.

I do not believe that the majority will find it grey or sombre; and its chief characters, quite decidedly, are not gloomy egotists. They provoke sympathy as well as pity, and have a prominent sense of humour. Also, they can move the emotions of an audience, though not in the degree demanded by high drama. For that, the observation is too detached, the dialogue too deliberately informal, and the love-making too sane and deliberate. Given some ecstasy, or one rapturous passage, Mr. van Druten's latest might have been a notable tragedy in the modern manner, instead of a tragedy of manners.



NON-TALKER AND NONSENSE-TALKER: ALEXANDER ARCHDALE AND EILEEN PEEL

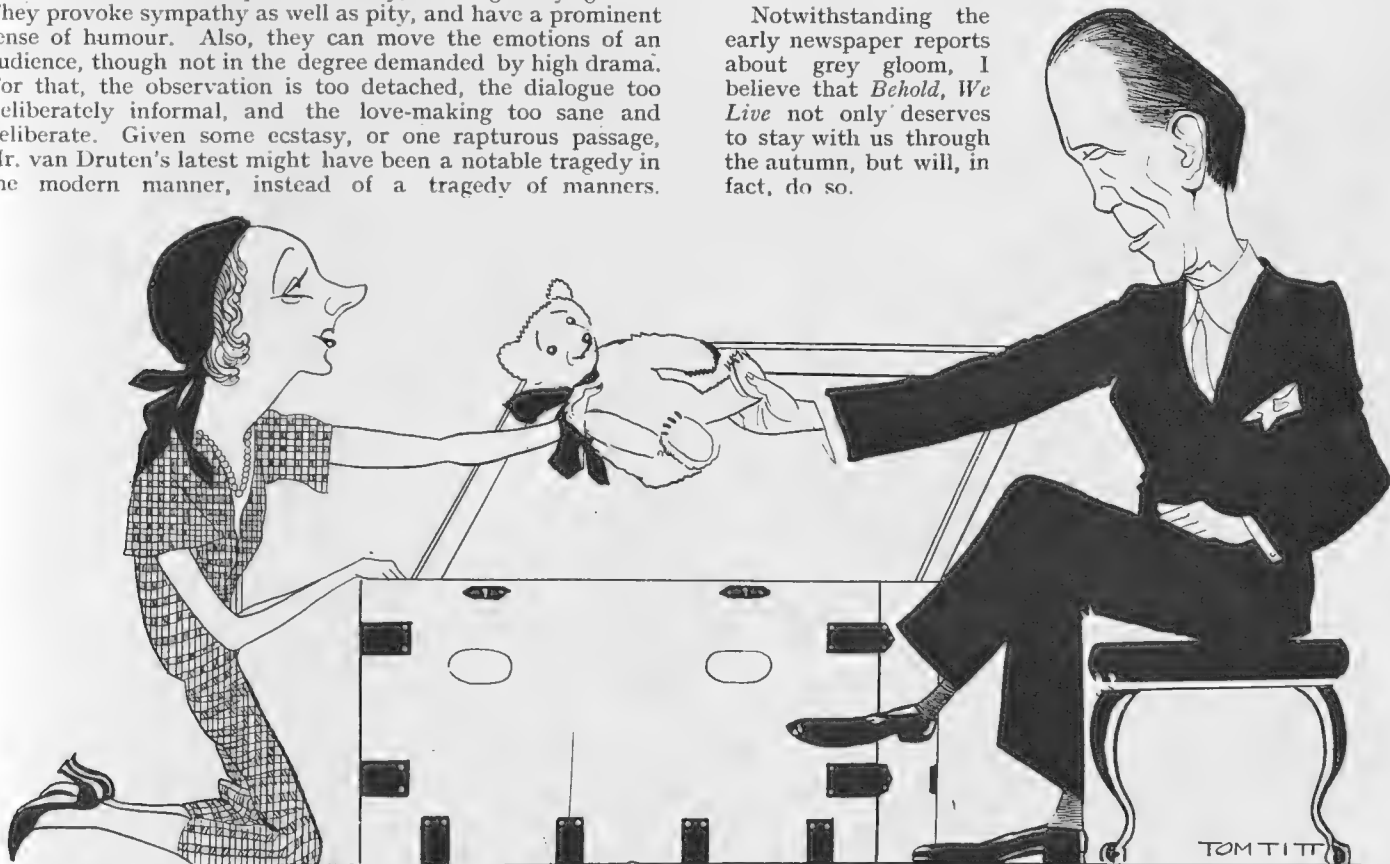
The début of Gertrude Lawrence as an emotional actress, prised loose from arch comedy, is a success, though not a triumphant one. She implies fine shades of feeling, and is sensitive to the depths through which Sarah's personality drifts. She is, however, held on the leash by her part, which never permits any all-out acting. In compensation, she is given chances for virtuosity, which she brilliantly uses, as when she recites Wordsworth, declaims an English poem with Belgian accent ("Early Risig"), and sings "Schlafe, mein Kindchen" as to the German manner born. Her comedy mannerisms—the mocking salute, the alert little smile, the bubbling intonation for friendly sarcasm, and the rest—are also prominent.

Gerald du Maurier's mannerisms, including the rubbing at the left ear and the clipped final inflexion when witty meaning is to be shown, are likewise all present and correct. The under-emphasis in dialogue and production excellently fits his methods. Each of the two sides to his stage presence—Gerald du Maurier, the very good actor, and Sir Gerald, the protagonist of good form tempered by endearing humour—has good opportunities. Gerald du Maurier reveals the middle-aged man with latent emotions that unfold into happiness through new experience. His ability to convey restrained force makes him a vital figure even in scenes where he stands and says nothing. Sir Gerald, on the other hand, takes charge when Gordon blows the soap-bubbles, when he deftly slips into his breast-pocket an old photograph of Sarah aged ten, and especially when, having known Sarah for a year without love-making, he puts down the sugar with polished deliberation and asks, "May I kiss you?"

Dame May Whitty plays the production's Dame with understanding and attractive sincerity. Ronald Ward's Tono is true to type. Eileen Peel does as well as could be

with a ninny who baby-talks about "uppies" and "come-alongies"—the rôle, exaggerated out of focus in its writing, of a chattering piece who should be hit on the head with a hammer, mallet, or anything else strong and handy, the body thereafter to be thrown into the Thames and have stones flung at it until the tide takes it to sea.

Notwithstanding the early newspaper reports about grey gloom, I believe that *Behold, We Live* not only deserves to stay with us through the autumn, but will, in fact, do so.



SYMBOL OF CHILDHOOD'S PURE, FRESH DAYS: SENTIMENT BY GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, APPROVAL BY GERALD DU MAURIER





LADY (MORTIMER) DAVIS ON THE RIVIERA

In the grounds of her quite beautiful villa, Des Galieuls, which overlooks Golfe Juan, where there are over two hundred acres of attractive gardens. Lady Davis, who is quite one of the most decorative women on the Riviera, is the widow of the late Sir Mortimer Barnett Davis, who died in 1928

**T**RÈS CHER, *la coquetterie feminine* has to be pandered to, and I have come up to Paris for a few days in order to see some of the "collections" and order some winter clothes. I missed Jean Patou's "sworee"—much to my regret, for my greediness enjoys the delicious sandwiches and liquid delights that the *buffet* invariably provides—but I have seen his clothes, which is the main point, and have fallen in love with the two new colours that so many of his models are showing—a rich "Mediæval Brown" and a luscious "Tea Rose." Too, too becoming for those of us who still enjoy sun baths and are showing sun-burned complexions! They seem, however, to suit the blonde as well as the brunette! The "lines" of his garments are too *moyenne âge* for anything and the waist-line has slipped hip-wards again! Very attractive! But shall we have to cultivate mediæval speech to go with these clothes? If so, how shall we ask for a cocktail?

Paris is a warm change these days from the Pyrenean peaks and I am longing to get back to Caunterets and do some more climbing. The day before I left we went up to the "Brèche de Roland," that jagged, fifty-yard wide tear in the Pyrénées above Gavarnie

## Priscilla in Paris

that Roland is supposed to have carved out with his sword! Some drill what! . . . and the only blasting must have been the language of those who stood below when the rocks began to descend! I had a taste of what it must have been like, for as we were coming back (how I do put the mascot before the tail light, to be sure!) some great blocks of ice detached themselves from the glacier (*le glacier du Taillon*) and for a few moments I felt very much like the middle ninepin in a game of bowls! As a matter of fact, not being used to these monstrous things called mountains, I had not realised what was happening. I heard a sound like a distant thunder-clap followed by a prolonged rumbling, and it was only when the guide started dragging me across boulders and torrents and thing-me-jigs till we stood in the shelter of an immense rock, and chunks of blue-green ice hurtled past on either side, that I realised that all was not quite as it should be in the day's picnic! From the top of the breach there is a wonderful view into Spain over the *Vallée d'Arrazas*. Quite a gale was blowing up there on the Spanish side, while on the French side the sun shone and there was hardly a breath of air. To my amazement I found some Dunlop tyre tracks in various places where one would hardly expect to see even a goat trail . . . the mystery (to me) was explained by the guide. The Spanish peasants wear sandals made from old automobile tyres. A strip of tyre with leather heel and toe pieces strapped across the foot like *espadrilles* that they call "*abarcas*." Later I tried on a pair. My advice is, "don't"—they take some getting used to.

On the homeward trek we got into a drenching fog, followed by a downpour, so that I now know what it feels like to be "wet to the skin," despite heavy woolies and even a rainproof(?) cape. But at an *auberge* they built a great wood fire for us on the open hearth of a stone floored kitchen and dried us quickly, while the steam from our clothes turned the place into a vapour bath.

Another delightful trip we made by car into Spain. Miss 1926 Chrysler rose to the occasion like the little lady she is. The roads are like snakes, but the surface is good almost everywhere. We went *viâ* Pau and Eaux Chaudes to the frontier, where I got into trouble with the Spanish soldiers that seem to spring up from behind every boulder demanding passports. They asked me if I spoke their language, to which I replied that all I knew was "*mañana*" and "*Viva el Rey*"—the latter they seemed to consider a personal insult. Strictly between ourselves, I'm not sorry. Grim and bare are the Pyrenées on the Spanish side until one gets well over the border and finds such charming little villages as *Sallent* (where they searched the car for dutiable goods and arms—and found none) nestling into the greenest little valleys, and *Panticosa*, which is a bathing resort. At least the old village of Panticosa is delightful, but the place where the springs are, above in the mountains, is an awful hole. A sort of barracks built round a pellucid lake that would make a fine—though cold—bathing pool. The whole place up there is run like a Prussian garrison town. The rooms of the hotel *établissement* are like cells. There is no shade in the grounds round the lake, and grim, grey mountains rise all around. We came home by the high road over the *col d'Aubisque* by a magnificent sunset and a cool evening breeze, and descended into a valley smelling of new-mown hay, to dine at the picturesque little town of *Argelès*, where, to the latest jazz music, "Miss Argelès" was being elected Queen of the Valley. Then up again by the winding Pierrefitte road to the evening coolness of Caunterets.

This, *Très Cher*, is a wonderful corner of the earth. It has not ousted the love I bear for my island home from my heart—it is all so different—but it runs it a close second. Love,  
PRISCILLA.

LITTLE MISS NOBODY FROM NOWHERE—  
GERMAINE ROGER

At the time of writing, so to speak, the greatest hopes are entertained of the stunning hit little Germaine is sure to make when "*La Pouponnière*" is released by the French Paramount Company and in which she plays quite a real rôle





# ON THE SILVER SCREEN



A BRITISH RECRUIT: JANE CARR IN "LET ME EXPLAIN, DEAR"



VIRGINIA  
BRUCE



HAROLD HUTH AND JOAN BARRY, WHO ARE STARS  
IN "SALLY BISHOP"



JOAN GARDNER AND MAURICE  
BRADDELL, IN "YOUNG APOLLO"

This collection is not all from Hollywood, for bar Virginia Bruce (who is now Mrs. John Gilbert), they are all English film artists busy making pictures—some of which have already challenged American supremacy, and are going to do it even more thoroughly in the future. Jane Carr is one of the latest British recruits, and is busy in a new farce called "Let Me Explain, Dear," which is being produced by the B.I.P. at Elstree. Joan Barry and Harold Huth are in the British Lion production, "Sally Bishop," being made at the Beaconsfield studios. The snapshot was taken off Marlow, in an interval for relaxation. Joan Gardner and Maurice Braddell are also in a British picture, the London Film production, "Young Apollo." Virginia Bruce is the recent bride of the American films' greatest romantic lover, John Gilbert, whose former wife was Leatrice Joy





RIDING LIGHTS AT A GYMKHANA AT BENINGBROUGH HALL

Lord and Lady Chesterfield recently lent their Yorkshire home for an extra good garden fête and gymkhana, and are seen in the above group with other supporters of the undertaking. These included Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, Major the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Lascelles, Mrs. David Green, and Miss Griselda Grant-Lawson, who was an enthusiastic competitor in the mounted sports

## AS IT HAPPENS

Gatherings in Yorkshire  
and much farther North



D. M. Laing  
AT THE GLENISLA GAMES

The Hon. Rupert Mitford obviously had his hands full at the Glenisla Highland Games, at which the snapshot on the right of Sir Torquil Munro and Miss Hunter was also taken. Mr. Mitford, who is Lord Redesdale's youngest brother, married Mrs. Lane Eno last year. The wedding ceremony which Sir Douglas and Lady Ramsay and Lieut.-Col. Taylor attended was that which transformed Miss Isabel Fausset-Farquhar into Mrs. Douglas Murray. It was held at Montrose, the Primus of Scotland officiating. Sir Douglas Ramsay is the Duchess of Atholl's brother



D. M. Laing  
MISS MOIRA HUNTER AND SIR  
TORQUIL MUNRO OF LINDERTIS



D. M. Laing  
AT A SCOTTISH WEDDING: SIR DOUGLAS  
AND LADY RAMSAY AND LT.-COL. TAYLOR





### THE END OF THE JOURNEY

*By the late DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.R.B.A.*

A pathetic interest attaches to this beautiful picture as it is the last painted by the late Mr. Dudley Hardy, by whose death the world of art was definitely the poorer. The title Mr. Hardy selected for this picture proved to be a melancholy coincidence. He died in 1922, and his works up to then were constantly exhibited at the various leading galleries, and he was also amongst the pioneers of the present-day highly artistic poster





# "UP BEFORE THE STEWARDS": "THE

The Stewards of the Jockey Club included in this picture are Lord Derby, Lord Londsdale, the  
*A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of this*





# ' : "THE TOUT'S" TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE

Lord Londsdale, the Hon. Tom Egerton, and Lord Rosebery (the picture is of Admiral Rous)

in the offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each ; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each ; postage, 6d. extra





C.F.H.

*In a Class by Itself*



## SUITED TO A T.T. AT BELFAST



WITH HER BROTHER, LORD LUCAN:  
THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN

Lord Lucan was staying with the Governor-General of Northern Ireland and his wife at Government House, Hillsborough, for that thrilling speed-contest, the R.A.C.'s International Tourist Trophy race, over the Ards Circuit, the result of which brought fresh laurels to British cars and British drivers



OVER FROM CLANDEBOYE: SOME OF LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN'S HOUSE-PARTY

From left to right in this group of enthusiastic spectators are the Hon. Seymour Berry (who is Lord Camrose's heir), Lady Dufferin, Lady Jersey, Mr. Ronald Balfour, the Hon. Sheila Berry, the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket (Lady Dufferin's sister), and Mrs. Kenelm Lee Guinness, whose husband is so well known in motor-racing circles



SIR JOSEPH McCONNELL, H.E. THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, AND (RIGHT) MR. GEORGE COMBE

Mr. Combe was one of the pioneers of motoring in Northern Ireland, so he was naturally taking a vast interest in the hair-raising doings on Belfast's noted Ards Circuit. Sir Joseph McConnell is an ex-Joint Master of the County Down Staghouls. Lady Plunket and her eldest son, the Hon. Patrick Plunket (see right), were staying at Clandeboye for the Tourist Trophy race



LADY PLUNKET AND HER SON



KATHLEEN, LADY DROGHEDA, AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY PATRICIA MOORE

With Mr. Owen Cathcart Jones, who piloted them to Belfast by air. Lady Patricia Moore has just signed a contract to play a big part in a motor-racing film called "Mile Eaters," and she featured in some spectacular "shots" of the T.T. practice. Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, flies whenever possible, having long ago discovered the advantage of being air-minded

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



## AT NORTH BERWICK



OUT FOR A WALK ON THE  
LINKS: LADY BURGHLEY



ALL FRIENDS HERE: MISS EVELYN COATS,  
MR. CHRISTOPHER LORIMER AND HOUNDS



ON THE SECOND TEE: LADY  
BLYTHSWOOD DRIVES OFF



GREETINGS: THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND  
AND THE HON. ROBERT LYTTELTON



CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY  
AND LADY HELEN O'BRIEN



FROM FINANCE TO THE FAIRWAY:  
MR. E. R. PEACOCK AND HIS WIFE

So North Berwick is on the social map again: how time flies! Lady Burghley has been up there a week or two, with her small daughter, the Hon. Davina Cecil, while awaiting the return from Los Angeles of the Captain of the British Olympic team. Miss Coats is an habituée, and brought two dogs this year—an Irish wolfhound called Jill and an Alsatian whose name is Peter. Mr. Lorimer is a son of the late Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A., who designed Edinburgh's wonderful War Memorial. Lady Blythwood is devoted to North Berwick, and enjoys her daily round of golf as much as anyone. The links are a great meeting place, and the Duchess of Rutland greeted an old friend when she encountered the Hon. Robert Lyttelton on the fairway. Lord Haddington's sister and brother-in-law are both ardent golfers, and so are Mr. and Mrs. Peacock. Mr. Peacock, a Director of the Bank of England and of Baring Brothers, was appointed Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall in 1929.

Photographs by Balmain



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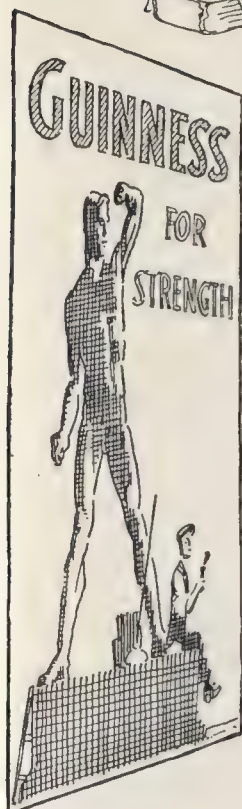


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# Guinness's Hood for You

*With Apologies to Thomas Hood*



Tim Tonks was such a puny lad,  
It really was a shame;  
Though day by day his sighs increased  
His size remained the same.

Tim fell in love with Betsy Brown,  
A buxom lass, and tall;  
Eut though he thought her simply great,  
She made him feel quite small.

Said she: "Although you long to wed  
You are too short to woo;  
Till you are taller by a head  
I shall look down on you."

He left depressed, because she said  
"No, thank you" to his pleas;  
When something his attention caught  
That put him quite at ease.

"Guinness for Strength" the poster urged;  
"If this will strength impart"  
He thought "with muscles made of steel  
I'll steal my maiden's heart!"

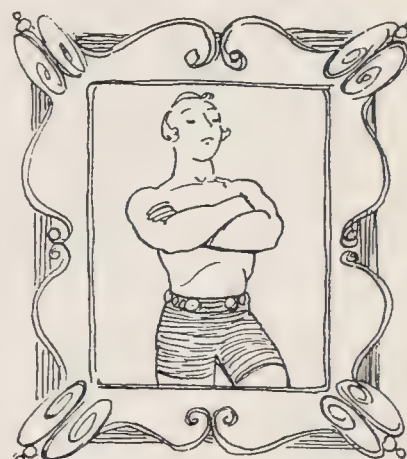
A daily Guinness swelled his chest,  
A tall-boy he became,  
A picture of athletic health  
With quite a splendid frame.

At last when he was twice the man  
That he had been before,  
He washed his face and brushed his hat—  
And pressed his suit once more.

"O Betsy Brown, O Betsy Brown!  
Just see how I've grown stronger!  
You once were rather short with me—  
Pray don't be any longer!"

Then Betsy looked him up and down  
As if to take his measure,  
And said "You've grown in my esteem,  
So I accept with pleasure!"

Thus happy Tim gained Betsy's hand  
And two feet in addition;  
By drinking Guinness he attained  
The height of his ambition.



# GUINNESS

## IS GOOD FOR YOU

G. E. 258.





THE MAN WHO ASKED IF ANYONE WANTED A LIFT TO THE BEACH—FIND THE MAN

A beautiful idea for one of our most distinguished artists who devotes himself to the troubles of poor humanity, such as bidding half a guinea for a hunter at Tattersalls. The occurrence seen in the picture happened at Scarborough during the heat-wave. The driver probably died before reaching the sea-shore

At the beginning of the class a schoolmaster said to his pupils: "It's my birthday to-day; I wonder if any of you boys can guess how old I am?"

There was no reply for a moment, and then one boy said brightly, "Forty-four, Sir."

The master looked a little surprised. "That's curious," he said, "but that is my age. How did you guess, Tommy?"

"Well, Sir," replied Tommy, "I've got a brother at home who's twenty-two to-day, and he's half-barmy."

The chief had evidently got out of bed the wrong side that morning. His temper was extremely short, and the noise of a road-drill outside only served to make him worse. His secretary entered his office and informed him that an important client was in the outer office and wished to see him.

"I can't see him! I won't see him!" yelled the chief. "Tell him to go to blazes, and that I said so."

The secretary started towards the door to deliver the message, but his employer called him back and shouted: "But don't antagonise him!"

The young artist invited a friend to see a portrait of a famous judge which he had just completed.

"Well," he said, after the other had made a good inspection, "what do you think of my portrait of the old judge?"

"How much is he going to give you for it?" asked the other.

"What do you think I ought to get from him for it?"

"Six months!"

Bobby came running up the beach to his mother. "Mummy," he cried, almost in tears, "Billy's broken my wooden spade."

"How did he do it, dear?" asked his mother.

"He didn't duck when I hit him on the head with it."

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The wife of an ardent but not particularly proficient golfer, tiring of years of "widowhood," took secret lessons from the pro., and made such good progress that one day she surprised her husband by challenging him to a game. Indulgently, he accepted. From the first tee the lady drove a nice ball well up the centre of the fairway, and this so unnerved her husband that when he essayed his drive he missed the ball completely.

"Now, George," said his wife, firmly, "I'd like to know what you've really been doing these last ten years when you've been pretending to me that you were playing golf!"

A man met a friend he had not seen for many years, and who had since become a millionaire.

"I'm so glad," said the first man, "to see that wealth hasn't changed you at all."

"Well," said the candid millionaire, "it has changed me in one thing. I'm now 'eccentric' where I used to be impolite, and 'delightfully witty' where I used to be rude."

"That's the kind of husband to have!" exclaimed an angry and jealous wife. "Did you hear that man tell his wife to go and look at some three-guinea hats?"

"Well, my dear," responded her husband, mildly, "have I ever deprived you of the privilege of looking at three-guinea hats?"

Peculiar noises issued from the bath-room.

"What's wrong, dear," asked the puzzled wife.

"My razor," came the reply, "it won't seem to cut at all."

"Don't be silly, dear; it must be all right. It cut the linoleum all right this morning!"

"Will you have some jelly, Tommy?" asked the hostess. Just then, however, someone shook the table, causing the jelly to quiver.

"No, thank you," said Tommy, nervously. "I don't think it's quite dead yet."



IVOR NOVELLO AND ELIZABETH ALLAN IN "THE LODGER"

"The Lodger" is Mr. Julius Hagen's latest production from the Twickenham Film Studios, and is Mr. Ivor Novello's first British talkie since his recent return from Hollywood. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' famous mystery novel was made as a silent film some years ago, with Novello in the same part. Miss Elizabeth Allan plays the heroine, originally played by June (Lady Inverclyde). Others in the cast are Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, Miss Barbara Everest, Mr. Jack Hawkins, and Miss Iris Ashley





**ON BOARD AND ASHORE** in the Club House and elsewhere  
the most fitting hospitality is the full, generous flavour of Haig

**NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE.**



# POLO NOTES \* By "SERREFILE"

IT is good news to be told that Major T. J. Longworth, the Secretary of that wonderful polo centre, the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club, is now practically all right again after a second serious fall within far too short a period to be fair. In the middle of July, when he was umpiring, his pony came end over end on the boards and rolled on him, and he was so badly concussed that they could not venture to move him and, wisely, he was made as comfortable as possible, where he lay till the doctor-man arrived. Last summer, Major Longworth broke his neck! They were just knocking the ball about, and his pony, when going all out, stopped dead and bucked him off. He got up and felt a bit funny about the neck, caught hold of his head with both hands, and walked straight to his house, which overlooks the ground. A doctor was called and found he had broken his neck, and was absolutely amazed to hear he had walked in, and said that if he had slipped an inch or stumbled he'd have been "corpsed" straight away. He spent months and months in plaster of Paris, but was starter (I think)—anyhow, some official position—at the Beaufort Point-to-Point at Leighterton, near Tetbury, at the end of the hunting season. And he's sixty! I hope this is the end of this lane, for he is far too popular and valuable a personality for Beaufortshire to lose.

Of course, our modern surgeon is hardly more disturbed about a broken neck than he is about a broken collar-bone, provided always he can get to the scene of action in time and the patient has been sensible enough not to take any undue liberties with himself. An old friend of a good many of us, one Giles Courage, who was the No. 1 of the 15th Hussars polo team in the golden days of Rattle Barrett, Nigel Learmonth, and J. D. Y. Bingham, broke his neck out hunting with the Bicester two seasons ago, got on again, and luckily hacked back home at a walk. Otherwise...! The late Lord Minto, Eusty Crawley, and my little friend Maudie Ellis, a sister of Leslie Cheape, are other cases of which I know of absolute breaks, and a cove I have known since his birth, more or less, has a neck which is slightly displaced but was never actually broken. It is possible that if some clever surgeon were permitted to attend to any client of one Mr. Pierrepont about two minutes after an unpleasant early morning occurrence, he might be returnable to the bosom of his family by tea-time.

The Beaufort Hunt Club Autumn Tournament begins on Sept. 5, and is expected to end on the 10th. The grounds, I hear, are in first-class order, and will have been helped, like all grounds everywhere, by the recent spot of rain we got at the break-up of the heat wave, which was a real one this time, as a few sun-baked "Hindoos" were kind enough to allow. Knowing a bit about what a temperature of 112 degrees in the shade for weeks on end means, and also about a midnight temperature of 102 degrees, I also say that it was too smoking hot to be comfortable. Polo

being an Eastern game, originated on grounds as hard as the Pyramids and as dusty as the Sahara, we ought to rejoice when England reproduces these conditions, but, as a matter of fact, we do not like real heat because we are not accustomed to it. But, heat apart, a hard, dry ground is what is wanted, and the faster and truer it is, the better will everyone playing find it for his education. It is something more exasperating to find a ground that has cut up after a couple of chukkers, causing the ball to stop where it pitches or jink about like a snipe, thus defeating the very best intentions. These Beaufort grounds are very true, usually very firm, and excellently looked after. I do not think that even now British polo realises how much it owes to Mr. Herbert Cox, Joint Master of the Beaufort Hounds, to whose generosity and public-spiritedness these grounds are due. When we are going to start training our next International team,

neither I nor anyone else, I suppose, knows for certain, but when we do, I hope, as my correspondent said the other day, greater use will be made of these magnificent facilities than has been the case hitherto. They have got nothing in Long Island to compare with them—at least, those who know tell me—for at no centre in America have they got eleven first-class grounds all under one hat.

The Hurlingham Handicap changes naturally are of much interest to other people besides those most intimately

concerned, and particularly in some cases. Our chief need being new blood, I think it may be interesting to direct special attention to these few names: Major J. C. Campbell, R.A., 5 to 6—he is the back of the Gunners' team, and the only possible "handicap" against further advancement is his weight, for he rides a good 16 st.; Mr. R. L. Findlay, 4 to 5, the No. 2 of the Scots Greys team; and Mr. M. H. E. Lopés (also Greys), 3 to 4; Captain B. J. Fowler, R.A., 5 to 6, was an increase that was a certainty: he is, by common consent, about the best No. 1 we have seen out for many a long day and of a type that is badly needed; Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington, 5 to 6, and Mr. H. B. Scott (Royals), 3 to 4, and both of them units of that Cavalier team which Colonel Vivian Lockett trained so well, are also not unexpected increases, for they are both young forwards of great promise, Mr. H. B. Scott being one of the finds of the whole season; Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin's increase from 6 to 7 is also one that was to be anticipated, he is a real good No. 2, as we have seen when the Panthers have taken the floor. And, in addition to all these people whose handicaps the Committee have decided to increase, I take leave to think that the season's crop has been a pretty good one. Sir Ian Walker (Osmaston), for instance, has improved tremendously, and even allowing for the good stuff he had behind him in the various tournaments which his team has won (Whitney, Sanford, Champion and Coronation Cups), it is always reassuring to find a forward who does not do the wrong thing when the ball comes up to him. Captain Prior Palmer, both the 17/21 Lancer units, Mr. D. C. J. Miller and Captain H. C. Walford,

(Continued on page vi)



WINNERS OF THE JUNIOR CUP AT DUNSTER

Lady Violet Baring, who is Lord and Lady Cromer's younger daughter, presented the Junior Cup to the winning Spyre Park Team at the West Somerset Polo Club. The team was: Mr. N. Dugdale, Mr. J. F. C. Dugdale, Captain F. F. Spicer (Captain) and Major K. G. Menzies. They beat the Friar Park 6½ to 5



# THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



## SEPTEMBER, 1932

1st to 15th inclusive

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1st <b>Shooting.</b> Partridge Shoot-<br>ing begins.<br><b>Racing.</b> Derby, Brighton.<br>Limerick and Plymouth<br>Steeplechases.   | 7th <b>Racing.</b> Doncaster and<br>Tolnes Steeplechases.<br><b>Shows.</b> Horse Show, Bath.<br><b>Motoring.</b> Juan les Pins<br>Rally, Paris.<br><b>Swimming.</b> Water Carnival,<br>Shanklin, I.O.W.   |
| 2nd <b>Racing.</b> Manchester and<br>Folkestone.<br><b>Shows.</b> Flower Show—<br>London Allotments and<br>Gardens—Horticultural Hall.<br><b>Yachting.</b> West of England<br>Regattas, Plymouth.  | 8th <b>Racing.</b> Doncaster and<br>Tolnes Steeplechases.<br><b>Shows.</b> Horse Show, Bath.  |
| 3rd <b>Racing.</b> Manchester and<br>Folkestone. Sedgfield<br>Steeplechases.<br><b>Motor Cycling.</b> Interna-<br>tional Ulster Grand Prix,<br>Belfast.<br><b>Swimming.</b> A.D.A. Men's<br>Westminster Cup Competi-<br>tion, Highgate.<br><b>Cricket.</b> H. D. G. Leveson<br>Gower's XI v. M.C.C. Aus-<br>tralian Team, Scarborough.<br>England XI v All India,<br>Folkestone.<br><b>Yachting.</b> Royal Cornwa'l<br>Y.C., Falmouth. | 9th <b>Racing.</b> Doncaster.<br><b>Swimming.</b> London Hospital<br>S.C. Gala, Bethnal Green.<br>10th Last day of Thames Trout<br>Fishing.<br><b>Racing.</b> Alexandra Park,<br>Ripon and Phoenix Park.<br><b>Golf.</b> Haldane Cup Com-<br>petition, North Berwick.<br><b>Swimming.</b> England v<br>Ireland, Coventry.   |
| 5th <b>Racing.</b> Folkestone and<br>Shirley Steeplechases.<br><b>Golf.</b> Irish Open Champion-<br>ship, Dollymount, nr. Dublin.<br><b>Shows.</b> Horse Fair, Barnet.<br><b>Swimming.</b> A.S.A. Club<br>Team Final, Weston-super-<br>Mare  | 12th <b>Racing.</b> Warwick, and<br>Fontwell Park Steeplechases.<br><b>Croquet.</b> September Tour-<br>nament, Felixstowe.  |
| 6th <b>Racing.</b> Doncaster Meeting.<br><b>Motor Cycling.</b> Manx<br>Grand Prix, Isle of Man.<br><b>Shows.</b> Horse Fair, Barnet.   | 13th <b>Racing.</b> Warwick and<br>Curragh Meetings.<br><b>Fairs.</b> Widdecombe Fair,<br>Widdecombe, Devon.<br>14th <b>Racing.</b> Ayr, Yarmouth,<br>Curragh, and Newton Abbot<br>Steeplechases.<br>Highland Gathering, Oban.<br>15th <b>Racing.</b> Ayr, Yarmouth and<br>Curragh.<br><b>Swimming.</b> East Ham S.C.<br>Gala. S.C.A.S.A. Water-polo<br>Final.<br>Highland Gathering, The<br>Northern Meeting, Inverness. |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS  
WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT  
IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.





SHOOTING WITH SIR JAMES AND LADY HOZIER  
BAIRD AT MAULDSLEE CASTLE

Lunch in a motor horse-box at the Mauldslee Castle, Carlisle, shoot. The names are: Mr. Lumley (in dark coat), Sir James Hozier Baird, Lady Hozier Baird, Commander de Burgh, Mr. Ingham, Mrs. Harold Moore, Miss Hope-Jones, and Mrs. Ingham. Sir James Hozier Baird, who is the ninth baronet, served in the War in the Bedfords (wounded, despatches, M.C.)

#### Tempora Mutantur.

I AM assured by the Shaws, the Huxleys, the Wellses—and, I was almost going to add, the Greeks—that Humanity is making Progress with a capital P. And I rather wish it would not do so because, as it seems to me, this wonderful Progress, that exists only on paper, inevitably involves me in shedding a skin of custom and tradition that I don't like shedding for the simple reason that it was to me as a comfortable overcoat. As a schoolboy I was wont to beg "lifts" in milk-carts, butchers'-carts, dung-carts, any old vehicle that would serve its turn was good enough for me, and I have travelled many a mile upon the thicker end of the shaft of a hay-wain. When motors came along the occasion presented itself for returning the compliment. Because I was an enthusiast I welcomed the opportunity for giving a short joy-ride to the disbeliever. I felt I was doing my whack for the "movement," whereas, I suppose, the truth is I was only microscopically consolidating the already secure foundations of the oil companies. No doubt there was a trifle—perhaps more than a trifle of swank about the performance—but I am ready to go into the box and swear that lots of us took a real joy, indeed an unselfish joy, in this missionary work, for it often took us miles off our route. And I am confident that it did a great deal of good, though I say as shouldn't. During the War, both as a private soldier (save the mark!) and as an officer (save the Sovereign!) I took advantage of innumerable lifts. I won't say I ever unlawfully commandeered a motor-car with a Zeppelin of a gas-bag atop of it, but I strove to look as though I might, though that was seldom necessary. There was marvellous good fellowship in those days and the foot-slogger was rarely driven to use either the nod or the wink. Anyhow, although I have studiously striven to be unselfish in these matters (though, of course, there *are* limits) I would say that I have taken more lifts than ever I gave. And that rather hurts me because I am now no longer in a posture to repay my impersonal obligations. Nor will I allow Mrs. P. V., with all her warm-hearted generosity, to attempt to repay such debts. In these days of banditti it is a deuced sight too dangerous. As a pin-head put it to me the other day, "You simply daren't give a ride to one of these blighters, who are liable to sock you in the neck any moment, unless you've got four able-bodied lumps 'up' to protect you, and then, dash it all, if you've got your bodyguard, you haven't got any dashed room for the free-lifter, what? That's how I look at it." And a pretty sound view I take it to be. It is curious

## PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

how the main road "tramp" (I hope I am not insulting him by using the wrong title) has changed in the last few years. Obviously he had his tale of woe to tell, by way of paying his fare, and then, at first, he would be grateful for what you had done for him. By and by he took to asking for the price of a cup of tea, or something to help him along. Latterly he does this the moment he has got into the car, and his ideas of the value of money are all at sea under modern conditions. He used to have some idea where he was going to, I mean enough nous to deceive a small child, but now he has even discarded this mask. The last bloke I stopped for was anxious that I should drive him from Winchester towards Southampton, though he convincingly declared that he had left a very fine job in Swansea for a much finer one still in Lichfield. And, moreover, he was extremely coarse when I endeavoured to explain to him that I could not dream of taking him so far out of his route. Well, well, no doubt there are deserving cases, and it is a cussed shame that one should have to pass them by (I know full well what blisters mean, blisters that make one ready to crawl on one's empty belly towards home), but the risk is too great.

#### Good Stuff.

The Austin Motor Company are, I am sure, very justly proud of their fine reputation, but there is something else that they ought to be proud of too, and that is an almost, if not quite, unique record of uninterrupted success. Every model they have built since the War has been of that classic type that remains current for many years together; in fact, barring the original 4-cylinder 20-h.p., I think they all are still current. Most other motor manufacturing concerns have had their occasional lapses, for, as a pal o' mine once sagely remarked, "Even Job sometimes nods," so that there have been certain models, which it is only charitable to forget. The Austin people have never done this thing, and that, I imagine, is chiefly why they are where they are. I was trying the 16-h.p., 6-cylinder saloon lately, to my great content, for it is a very charming car in all respects, and you have not to handle it long to understand why it is so deservedly popular. It is both full sized and full blooded, holds the road resolutely and comfortably, and has all the vigour and liveliness that any ordinary owner would look for. Under fairly favourable conditions it will do its honest 60 m.p.h., but it is evidently intended for a high cruising speed rather than for a high maximum, and the former it most certainly attains with remarkable ease and freedom from sensible effort.



AT MR. KYNOCH SHAND'S SHOOT IN MORAYSHIRE

A group of the house party for Mr. Kynoch Shand's grouse shoot over the Birnie Moors in Morayshire. The names are: at back—Commander Pinson, Sir Edmund Findlay, Major Norman, Mr. Kynoch Shand, Mr. G. B. Anderson, and Captain J. L. Rennie; in front—Dr. Cowie, Mr. R. S. Cumming, Mrs. Miller Stirling, and Miss Cowie

Sutherland

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday





Agnès. Copyright

# AUTUMN HATS

What, new hats already! Yes, millinery fashions move faster every year, so Vogue has advanced the date of its millinery issue, in order to keep its readers well fore-warned.

The head small, the hat tall—there you have the newest theme. Hats go up and up—many of them are worn further back on the head than ever before. But if this idea seems startling, do you know how you can clap a cap on your right ear and still look devastatingly chic?

There are all sorts of amusing new shapes taken from types and trades and professions—the peasant's *coiffe*, the clown's cap, the French lawyer's hat, the student's beret—but you have to turn to Vogue to know how to wear them and look piquant instead of merely theatrical.

If you liked your *canotier* of the spring, the collections offer you a greater variety than ever—but you must see what new materials they're made of to be smart for autumn, how they've been modified in roll and dip to be becoming—and comfortable—above your high coat collar.

Half the hats are made of velvet—but then, what new kinds of fantasy velvets! And what about the novel felts and the irresistible range of fabric hats? As for colour, don't be utterly swept away by the vivid velvets. See what Vogue has to say about the value of a sober head in this season of intoxicating shades.

Veils are back again, but are they to be taken seriously? Trimmings? Yes, feathers, ribbons, quills and everything. But would you recognize the feathers as such, can you tell the right ribbon from

the wrong, do you imagine the way quills have altered their shapes—and their number?

Even if you can't afford many of the dashing models illustrated, even if you're one of the fashionably hard-up, Vogue will guide you through all this maze to the very type which suits you best, to the colours and materials which will fit in with an all-purpose wardrobe.

This is the Autumn Fabrics number too. To buy wisely, you must know the fabric mode. Your frock cannot be smarter than its material. Vogue shows the newest weaves and designs—including an outfit of Vogue Pattern dresses, made up in appropriate crêpes, woollens and velvets which you can buy in the shops.

"The Bargain of the Fortnight" consists of children's clothes. Other features of the "Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes" section are instructions for three knitted jumpers . . . "Snacks after Bridge" will be useful for the hostess . . . A selection of pictures of charming modern nurseries . . . Society, of course, the Stage, and the usual features . . . Quick, where's the nearest bookstall?

## HATS FABRICS and PATTERNS

issue of

# VOGUE 11-

Maria Guy  
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# MAN OVERBOARD

By PETER TRAILL

HE was an old man and a kindly one; with his mild brown eyes and soft contours, he was not a person whom anyone would wish to harm, and he came on board the boat with a young wife and a lot of baggage. They were making a trip around the world—one of those "all in," "everything found," affairs—but he had not wanted to leave England. He had thought himself too old for extensive travel, but when the young insist the aged are apt to give way. Indeed he had surrendered what prejudices he had against ocean travel the more readily because his young wife had never before insisted upon anything with vehemence.

She had been little more than a girl when he had married her and was hardly yet a woman. When she had accepted him the tongues had wagged, the usual things had been said and the usual prophecies made, but she had been a lonely person and he had been gentle, so the detractors had been disappointed.

She came on board with her face muffled in a heavy scarf and, except for a pair of deep blue eyes which darted this way and that somewhat apprehensively, no one who watched her quick progress to her cabin had any idea of her real appearance. That she had good legs could be seen by her ankles, but her dark hair brushed back from her forehead, her small sensitive nose, her firm chin, and the graceful line of her neck were not to be seen. A woman, a young woman had passed, and behind her had followed an old man.

When she entered the double cabin which her husband had engaged, she went immediately over to the port-hole and, looking through, turned her back upon the porter and the steward who were dealing with the baggage under her husband's directions. There was nothing to see through the tiny window, but her deep blue eyes, steadfast and unblinking, gazed toward the shadowy shore as though she were trying to imprint its outline upon her memory. The old man's eyes flickered to her muffled figure every now and again, and when she suddenly sighed and shrugged her shoulders, he sent the porter and the steward about their business.

Immediately they were alone she turned round and slowly unwound the scarf from her face. Shedding her woollen coat she freed her body from its heavy casing, and confronted her husband. Only simplicity characterized her pose, but her husband felt humbled before her.

"I feel tired, John. I'm going to bed."

"But you'll come in to dinner?" She shook her head and smiled.

"No, my dear, I feel rotten already."

"Nonsense, we aren't under way yet." She shook her head again, and deliberately began to undress. One by one she shed her clothes, and he turned to go.

"I'll send the stewardess along later to see if you want anything."

"Don't go just yet, John, and you needn't trouble to send the stewardess. In fact you might tell her expressly not to come bobbing in."

"But, my dear ——" She silenced him by standing up and putting her arms round his neck.

"I mean it; I know what I want best. You have a good dinner; get a good cigar, play bridge nicely, and give me time to go to sleep." For answer he pressed her naked body to him and, kissing her good-night, left her.

As he stood in the passage he heard her shoot the bolt of the cabin door, and with her vision before him, cannoned into a young man who was trying to hurry past him.

"I am so sorry," he murmured.



"Did we do right, Gale? I didn't want to hurt him more than I could help"

"Not at all; ah, stewardess!" The young man hailed the stewardess, and the old one waited patiently near by to deliver his own message.

"My wife in cabin 30 is so desperately sea-sick already, stewardess, that you are not to worry her on the pain of death. She's gone to bed." The stewardess looked at the young man and seemed slightly puzzled.

"But I thought you were travelling alone, sir?"

"Alone! Good heavens, no. My wife's been on deck, but now we're about under way she's under the weather. She has turned her face to the wall, if you follow me."

"I understand, sir; I expect she'll be all right to-morrow." The young man smiled and passed into cabin 30. "Yes, sir?" The stewardess addressed her question to the old man who was still waiting.

"What that young man said about his wife applies to mine, stewardess. She's gone to bed and does not wish to be disturbed."

"Very good, sir."

Whatever the weather was like in the harbour, there was no doubt about its tempestuous nature outside, but both the old man and the young one were good sailors. They each made a good dinner and, taking his wife's advice, the old man chose a good cigar and found a four at bridge. The young man watched the game for a bit, but he would not cut in, and when it wanted two minutes to ten he rose from his chair.

"I'm for a stroll on deck," he said.

"What! In this weather?"

"I like it. Blows the cobwebs away." The old man looked up and sighed—he understood the feeling.

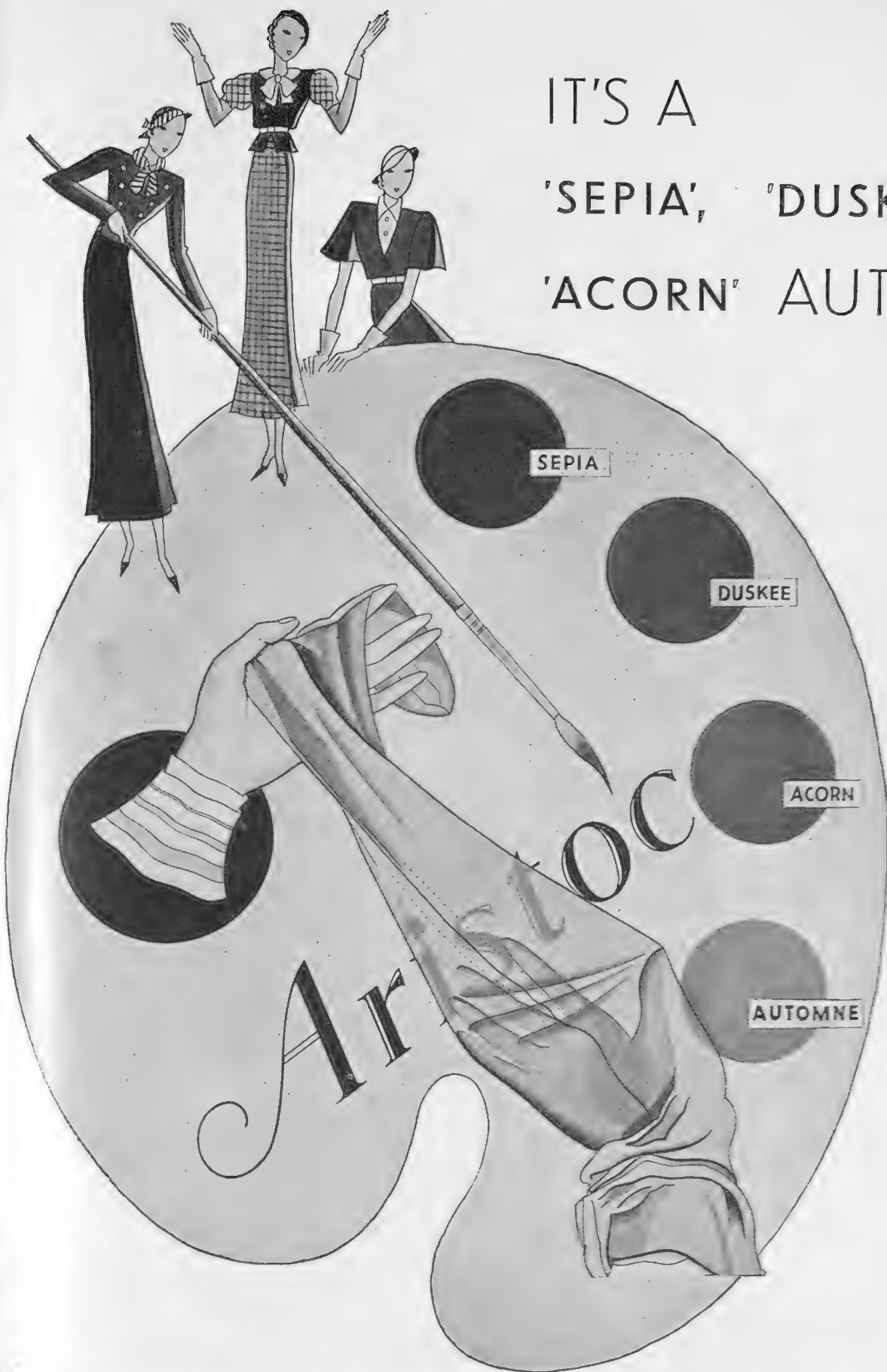
"I'd go along with you if I were younger," he said. A startled look came into the young man's eyes, but almost immediately his lazy smile shone again.

"Don't be tempted to leave the table when you're holding the cards you are. Good-night everybody." He left them playing and made his way to the deck. The whole length of it looked entirely deserted, and yet within a minute of his arrival it was a

(Continued on p. vi)



# IT'S A 'SEPIA', 'DUSKEE', 'ACORN' AUTUMN!



Brown stockings are smart and Aristoc's shades of brown are smartest! Four of them are fashion-news, only out this month, lovely pure colours, perfect with newest dresses. Ask to see Duskee, Sepia, Acorn, Automne—Aristoc's famous four—the smartest stockings that will be worn this season. Other shades for this Autumn are Tunis, Hazel and Ponjola. The smartest shops are showing them.

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# EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME



Unbeatable at Baastad: Miss Molly Gourlay adds the Swedish Ladies' Open Championship to her long list of golfing achievements. In the 36-holes final she beat Miss Jean Hamilton by 2 and 1

"FAIRWAY and Hazard" is truly an enterprising contemporary. Its latest bit of good work has been the sending out to Sweden of a small and select touring party, and incidentally one of the party has annexed the Swedish Championship. That is Miss Molly Gourlay, who was pre-eminently ripe for a further championship of some sort or another about now, and did excellently to win this one.

Full accounts of sober fact have not yet transpired; the beginning of it all sounds something like a fairy tale: the invitation from Herr Nobel, who not only gives peace prizes, but promotes international friendship, and everything else worth promoting by encouraging sport at its best, the wonderful hospitality, the endless entertaining. It is obvious from all the accounts that have so far come back that all have enjoyed themselves right royally and been absolutely spoilt. Only they have all been so busy being spoilt that there was no time for them to write

ladies having six extra strokes on to their handicap, and then battling from the same long tees as the men. In that affair Miss Molly Gourlay fared ill, for her long handicap man, Herr Ulf Olsson, played right above his supposed form, and out went she. But Mrs. Alec Gold kept the flag flying most nobly, for she arrived in the final, and lost only at the last hole of 36 to Herr E. Runfelt of Stockholm, a former Swedish champion.

Baastad is a course where the ball wants hitting hard, particularly on the green, and distances in the driving competition which followed sound extremely good, even though they were downwind. Mrs. Holm, the Scottish champion, won with 260 yards, Miss Gourlay was second five yards behind, and Miss Jean Hamilton third.

Then came a 36-hole medal competition, and Miss Gourlay really getting into her best form with 75 followed by 80, the 75 particularly good in the stiffish wind. Miss McCulloch was well in the hunt in the morning with 81, but fell away afterwards, while Miss Chambers repeated her 83 and so had second place, Mrs. Gold filling third with a couple of 84's.

As to the Championship itself, full details have not yet transpired, only that Miss Gourlay won the 36-hole final by 2 and 1 from Miss Jean Hamilton and that the Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden presented the prizes. All of which is quite thrilling enough to be going on with until more details arrive. Miss Jean Hamilton, of course, was a Saunton heroine when she beat Miss Maureen Orcutt, as well as a Surrey one in her first season, and it is fine for Surrey to see her in such form again.

The county will have to take matters seriously if they are to get back the shield at Ashdown Forest next month; rumour has it that every single member of the Cheshire team has placed her game in the hands of Brace at Ringway, and reports there at least once a week for a lesson from him. Some are even said to wire frantically to him for instruction when things go wrong and they are at the other end of the kingdom. All of which may be a grossly exaggerated account of how Cheshire are tuning up for County Finals, but there is probably enough truth in it to make Surrey sit up.

A brand new competition is just announced, the Hertfordshire Stag Challenge Trophy, which will be hunted (I apologize, Herts is not Devon and Somerset, I mean which will be played for)

over the High and West Courses of Moor Park on Saturday, October 8. The competition is by 36-hole medal play, open to men and ladies, the ladies having six strokes added to their handicaps by way of compensation for struggling off the same far-back tees as the men.

There are to be men's and ladies' scratch prizes, as well as the Stag under handicap, and any lady who wishes to see how her Worplesdon partner can perform on his own may well look forward to trotting him out at Moor Park two days earlier.



A noted Midlander: Mrs. R. E. Bristowe, winner of the Nottinghamshire Ladies' Championship. Chilwell Manor, her home club, is deservedly proud of her

## DATES TO REMEMBER

September 14-16 — Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges.

September 22-23 — County Finals at Royal Ashdown Forest.

September 26, etc.—English Championship at Royal Ashdown Forest.

September 28—Finals of Gloucestershire Foursomes at Brockworth Park.

October 4-7 — "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

October 10-13 — Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes.

October 18 — Surrey County Open Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal at Addington Palace (Silver Division).

October 19-21—South-Western Championship at Long Ashton.

and tell curious friends at home about it. They were a merry party right away from the moment when Miss H. V. Smith saw them off from St. Pancras. Maybe she breathed a special and successful prayer of good wishes for the Surrey members of the party, since not only did Miss Gourlay win, but Miss Jean Hamilton was runner-up.

Yet since Miss Smith is the perfect hon. sec. and organizer, of course everybody felt sure she was wishing each one of them individually the very best of luck, as she certainly was. They had a perfect crossing—there was organization for you!—and once on the other side were overwhelmed with the very kindest and most thoughtful of hospitality. "They" were Mrs. Andrew Holm and Miss Jean McCulloch to uphold Scottish prestige, Miss Gourlay, Miss Doris Chambers, and Miss Gladys Bastin, Miss Julia Hill, Miss Jean Hamilton, and Mrs. Alec Gold, with Miss Timburg making herself invaluable by her knowledge of the ropes. Gothenburg was the first destination, thence a hundred odd miles by car to Baastad, where the course sits so picturesquely up on the hills above the delightful villas where the British players were staying.

The first item on the programme, from a strictly golfing point of view, was a mixed tournament, the



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# The Highway of Fashion

By  
M. E. BROOKE

ALTHOUGH the heat wave is in progress there are many illuminating fashion flashes to be studied in the salons of the great dressmakers on this side of the Channel as well as the other. Some of the coats have belts, several modelled on the Guards sash, and, of course, handsome collars of fur are everywhere. A notable dressmaker is using the grey as well as the red portion of fox skins; it is wonderful how effective this is. Tweed, as well as a black fabric that is reminiscent of a fine matalasse with a crinkled surface, has arrived; and there is a lighter weight for dresses. An attempt is being made to create a vogue for ostrich feather accessories for evening wear. The fashions portrayed on this page have been contributed by Fenwick, 62-63, New Bond Street. The coat and skirt at the top of the page on the right are expressed in brown shadow jersey tweed, and of it one may become the possessor for 5½ guineas. On the left is a coat frock; it is carried out in brown hair jersey with a white fleck; note the arrangement of the sash as it emphasizes the slightly raised waist line, and the cost, well, it is 8½ guineas; it is one of those affairs that will do yeoman service, nevertheless it is endowed with an indelible cachet. The suit at the base of the page is 6½ guineas; the slanting double-breasted effect is very slimming. It may be worn open if desired; the scheme is completed with a collar of sable-dyed squirrel

A change is taking place in headgear; trimmings have definitely appeared in front, more often than not over the right eye, resting lightly on the forehead, and take the form of feather fantasies of the coque character; also bows of a contrasting fabric. Many of the turbans are higher at the back than in front, and the head is clasped, as it were, with a bandage arrangement knotted on the left temple. Velour and felt hats are stitched with gaily coloured silks; this matches the veils, which terminate as soon as the nose is passed; they are hemmed with softly rolled chenille



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## The Highway of Fashion—continued

Autumn and hats are essentially complementary, therefore the latter are now a natural subject for contemplation. It is to Gorrings in the Buckingham Palace Road that those in quest of something different should wend their way. To this firm must be given the credit of those pictured on this page. The model at the top on the right is expressed in dark brown velvet, and the upstanding brim, although severe, is so cleverly shaped that it is becoming; the scheme is completed with a hand-made flower. The hat on the left with an abbreviated veil is braided, a white leather gardenia being used for decorative purposes. The model on the right below is an admirable exponent of the charm of graceful symmetrical cutting



Some consider the gauge of a stocking of paramount importance. Not so Jenner's, Princes Street, Edinburgh. They declare that "cut" comes first, and as their hose have been likened to "peaches and cream," on account of their excellence, they must be right. Well-cut stockings slenderize the legs and ankles and give just the support that the muscles need, thereby preventing them spreading. Another point of favour in Jenner's British stockings is they do not take unto themselves a pinkish tinge when washed. They range in price from 3s. 11d. to 8s. 11d., and are available in the following shades: noisette bourbe (gunmetal with a brown light), dago, dark fawn, beige (without pink), prairie. Opera hose are available in white, black, and skin for 10s. 6d.

Fashion is focusing her attention on detail, therefore a new collar is introduced in the Braemar jumpers. It is a variant on the polo theme; it is built, or perhaps it would be more correct to say woven, in such a way that it lies quite flat—everyone must admit that is a great advantage as it has a slimming effect; furthermore, it may be worn open or closed. There are also round and V-shaped necklines, and then there is a new lace stitch that the uninitiated think is hand crochet. Another novelty introduced into the cardigans is a simulated lapel. Everything that bears the name of Braemar fits perfectly over the shoulders on account of a specially shaped armhole

Children love painting, therefore all who want to go in for the great Odol Painting Competition must persuade their mothers to give them an Odol dentifrice tin in which there is a silver seal to fasten the wrapping. Two of these seals must be sent with the full name and address (using a 1½d. stamp) to Cranbux, Ltd., Norwich, with a request for the painting book which will be sent free. In addition to the pictures the book contains hints on painting and mixing of colours. By the way, there is no better tooth paste than Odol; it is as pure as it is white, and is recommended by the dental and medical professions. It cleans and polishes the teeth by gently removing tartar, stains, and decay deposits, and is antiseptic



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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. V. J. KEYTE

Who were married recently at Minchinhampton. Mr. Vincent John Keyte is the son of Captain and Mrs. V. J. Keyte of Trevanion, Newton Abbot, and Mrs. Keyte was formerly Miss Enid Marjorie Richardson and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Richardson of Beadesert Park, Minchinhampton.

## In September.

On September 3, Mr. Francis Davey and Miss Jean Robley are being married at St. Columba's, Pont Street; Mr. Fanshawe E. S. Tufnell and Miss Doreen Esme FitzGerald are to be married on the 14th at Framingham Earl Church, Norfolk; on the next day, Mr. Ian MacCormick of Bassein, Burma, is marrying Miss Yomah Anderson, and the marriage will take place in Scotland; and another September wedding is that between Mr. Robert William Francis Wilberforce and Miss Marion Katherine Ogilvie-Forbes.

## Abroad in October.

Early in October, Captain Alexander McNair Gordon, M.C., Royal Scots Fusiliers, and Miss Dorothy Gertrude Presslie, B.Sc., are being married at Haifa, Palestine; and the marriage arranged between Flight-Lieutenant Alexander Dickson, M.B., F.R.C.S. Ed., Royal Air Force, and Miss Marion (May) Gourlay will take place in Bagdad early in October.

## Recently Engaged.

Dr. George Durant Kersley, M.A., B.Ch. (Cantab), of St. Bartholemew's Hospital, London, son of the late Mr. H. G. Kersley, J.P., and Mrs. Kersley of Bath, and Miss Mary Yeomans, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Yeomans of Midhurst, Sussex; Captain Raymond Sinclair Johnson, 1/1st Punjab Regiment, the son of the late Rev. Gifford Johnson, M.B.E., and Mrs. Johnson of Per-ranarworthal, Cornwall, and Miss

Cynthia May Whately, the daughter of Mr. William Whately, late Master of the Supreme Court, of Pembroke, Norwood; Major R. A. Helps, the Royal Berkshire Regiment, attached Sudan Defence Force, the eldest son of the late

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Helps of Croydon, and Miss Elizabeth Joyce Clibborn, the elder daughter of Mr. W. G. Clibborn and the late Mrs. W. G. Clibborn of Lisfannon, Epsom, and Anner House, Clonmel; Mr. Nathaniel Johnston, Mayfield Estate, Nilgiris, South India, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnston of 48, Hammerfield Avenue, Aberdeen, and Miss Elisabeth Bergheim, the elder daughter of Mrs. Lindsay Bergheim of Lordings, Broadstairs; Captain John R. Townsell, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the son of the Rev. Charles M. Townsell, M.A., the rector of Gidleigh, Devon, and Mrs. Townsell, and Miss Janice Meraud Gatley, the eldest daughter of Mr. Clement Gatley, D.C.L., LL.D., of 3, Brick Court, Temple; Mr. Kenneth Clinton Wheare, of Oriol College, Oxford, the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wheare of Barker's Road, Melbourne, Australia, and Miss Helen Mary Allan, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. E. F. Allan and Mrs. Allan, of Toorak Road, Melbourne.

## In November.

Mr. George Clephane Fortune, the eldest son of Dr. and the late Mrs. Ernest G. Fortune of Glasgow, is marrying Miss Helen Hind, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George U. Hind of San Rafael, California, U.S.A., on November 26.



MISS MATINE THOMPSON

The only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Thompson of 94, Portland Place, W., who is to marry Dr. Francis Bach, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Bach of 35, Rosary Gardens, S.W., on October 5

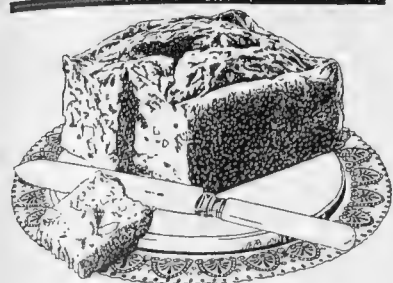


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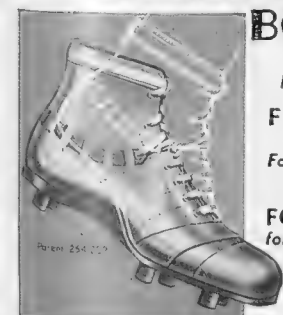
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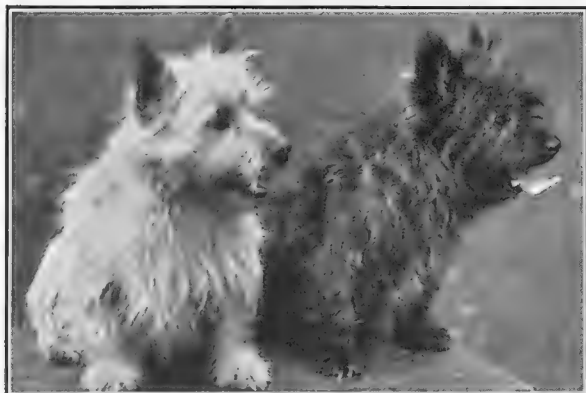
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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

"The Kennel Gazette" for July is of exceptional interest, as it contains the registration statistics for the first six months of the year. I quote the following: "The total registrations for the first six months of 1932 show an increase of over eight hundred on the total of the corresponding period of 1931, and for the first time since June, 1923, the June six months have done better than the preceding December six months. The comparative figures of the breeds show that every section, except the toys, has improved on last year. The gun-dog section has gone up, and the cocker has put up a total, 2,464, which beats that of any previous year and constitutes a record." It is interesting to notice that the highest point of registrations was reached in 1927, since when there was a steady decline to the end of last year, but there has been a definite improvement since. These statistics are always of great interest to us of the dog cult, and specially so in these trying times, as they show the great strength and solidity of the dog industry in this country, and that, in spite of a period of unexampled depression, it has managed—so far—to hold its own. This is an encouraging sign, specially in view of the fact that the largest part of this industry is represented by the

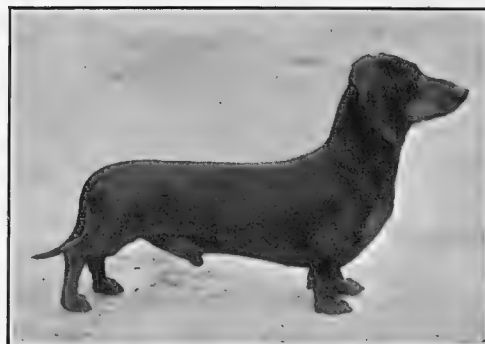


H. J. Richards

DOCHFUR DAISEY-BELLE AND STRATHBLANE FIONA  
The property of Baroness Burton

"small man," and woman, who have invested their savings in dogs and to whom a debacle in that direction would be a calamity indeed.

The dachshund loses none of his popularity. In fact, he seems



CH. FIRGEM

The property of Mrs. Huggins

to grow in favour. Mrs. Huggins' dachshunds are well known. She has done extremely well on the bench. The picture is of her lovely dog, Ch. Firgem by Ch. Firochre. It can be seen what a lovely and typical dog he is. Mrs. Huggins usually has young dogs and bitches for sale, both for show or as companions.

The toy Pom is one of the most attractive of the smaller breeds. A really good Pom with its plume and coat is one of the prettiest things imaginable. They are also exceedingly intelligent and make most delightful companions. Miss Little has a well-known kennel of Poms, and sends a picture of her lovely little dog, Shining Silver Cloud. She has several puppies and adults for sale, including one very small lady. Miss Little looks after her dogs herself and they are all full of pluck and intelligence. Shining Cloud is a big winner at shows.

Mrs. Adlam, whose bull-terriers were in this paper a couple of weeks ago, writes to say she has a good miniature bull-terrier lady for sale, eighteen months old, winner of several firsts, price exceedingly moderate to a good home. Mrs. Adlam says "she is house-trained and in every way desirable." The miniature bull-terrier is rapidly coming into favour. At one time they were apple-headed, shivery little things, but this is all changed, and the modern miniature is a most attractive little dog, a replica of his larger relative, and most intelligent and affectionate.

Baroness Burton's name is too well known in Cairns for me to say much about her dogs. Wherever Cairns are shown there are sure to be some descended from the "Dochfours." She finds herself overstocked at present and has a large number of dogs and bitches of the best breeding for disposal. Anyone coming to Inverness and wishing to see the dogs can always do so by appointment. The picture is of two of her winners.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SHINING SILVER CLOUD

The property of Miss Little

## MAN OVERBOARD—continued from p. 386

mass of people. What had brought them there was the young man's cry of "Man overboard." The ship went full speed astern and a boat was lowered with great difficulty; there was perhaps a faint chance of picking up the body, but none that there would be any life in it. They did not even find the body.

The captain questioned the young man, but he told him that he hadn't the least idea whether the figure was that of a woman or a man. He had seen the whole thing out of the corner of his eye, as it were; he had no doubt that someone had fallen or jumped over-board, but more than that he could not say. The captain ordered a roll call, and after he had sifted the identities of all the passengers who were still up and about, went round the cabins. He was accompanied by the young man in addition to some of the ship's officers, and when they came to cabin 30 the young man pushed himself to the front.

"That's my cabin, captain; my wife's not feeling too good. May I go in by myself and see if she's all right?" The captain nodded, and the young man knocked on the door. A faint voice told him to enter.

"She's in there all right." There was great relief in the young man's tones. The captain passed on to cabin 31. He knocked, and the old man opened the door. At once it was apparent to everyone where the tragedy had halted.

"My wife, my wife, you have seen her?"

"She's not on deck," the captain said slowly.

At the boat's first stopping-place the old man left it; he had not the stomach for the long sea voyage. He looked even older than when he had come on board, but at the back of his mind, ready to storm the citadel of his sorrow, was the vision of his wife as he had last seen her. There was no doubt in his mind that she had meant to leave him with that. In some way he had failed her; now that he looked back he remembered that for the last six months she had seemed troubled, but she had told him nothing.



AT VICHY: LORD DICKINSON

A snapshot outside the Hotel des Ambassadeurs at the famous cure centre. Lord Dickinson was appointed one of the British Delegates to the League of Nations in 1924, and became President of the International Federation in 1926

The young man standing by the gangway watched him go; there was a curious glint in his eyes and his hands trembled a little while he tried to light a cigarette. When the gangway was pulled up again he turned abruptly away and went back to his cabin. There was a woman there whom no one had seen because she had been so sea-sick, and whose light meals he had brought to her himself. She unlocked the door for him.

"Well?" she said.

"He's gone; left the ship." The young man looked at her; she threw her arms about him and burst into passionate crying.

"Did we do right, Gale? I didn't want to hurt him more than I could help."

"Of course we did right," he comforted her.

"It's better for him to think me dead. He'll always remember me kindly then."

"It was a terrible risk; if they'd found out that I had no wife at all—"

"I couldn't have done it on any other terms, Gale," she interrupted him. The deep blue eyes looked into the young man's; and, though the thought of a new world frightened him sometimes, the fear lay quietened when she clung to him.

They have never come home again.

## POLO NOTES—continued from p. 382

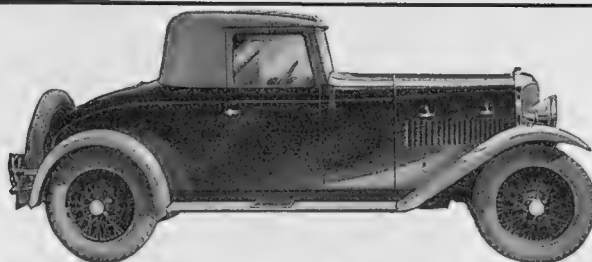
(both Someries House), the whole of the Bays team (Captain Draffen, Captain Barclay, Captain Fanshawe, and Major Fanshawe), Captain F. W. Byass (7th Hussars), and Mr. Humphrey Guinness, who, of course, needs no mention, entirely justify the remark that we have a goodish supply. It is difficult to photograph every incident in the mind's eye, but these names, plus Captain J. F. Sanderson, whose worth we know, and Captain D. J. E. Norton, I suggest pretty fairly cover the situation. I do not think we have any reason to say that there has been a famine in material.

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By F. MATANIA, R.I., the famous artist.

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of this striking picture has now been  
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11½ ins. by 17¼ ins., on plate sunk  
mount 15½ ins. by 22 ins.Copies are now to be obtained, price 5/- each.  
Copies signed by the artist, price 10/6 each.

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## Notes From Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, urgently need about £8 to make the last few months of a woman's life a little more comfortable. She is suffering from paralysis agitans, and it is quite incurable. She has been steadily growing worse for the past few years and the hospital now say that there is nothing more to be done for her, and that she has not very long to live. It is a particularly sad case, for her illness was brought on by the shock of seeing her only son shot before her eyes in Ireland during the troubles there, and her husband very badly treated. He is most devoted to her and nurses her day and night, and keeps their tiny home beautifully clean. It would be deplorable if they had to be separated. He has worked hard all his life as a cable layer. He is just on seventy and has been obliged to give up this work; he gets light odd jobs when possible, but they are very few and far between. Their only income is 18s. a week, made up of his old age pension. The Friends of the Poor want to send a little extra each week over the next winter.

After a visit to the National Radio Exhibition at Olympia one found it easy to appreciate why radio is one of the healthiest of British industries. The finest stand in the exhibition was undoubtedly that of "His Master's Voice," and it is only fitting that the seventeen different radio receivers, radio gramophones, record-players, and loudspeakers shown there should be a credit to the only firm in the radio industry that holds the Royal Warrant. One of the outstanding features on their stand was a model of the H.M.V. Superhet Ten Autoradiogram in a glass cabinet with a glass motorboard. This special model cost £300 and took four months to make. It is so fragile that no insurance company will issue a policy to cover it for breakage—but it works, and the ingenious operations of the



A FRESHWATER "SHARK" ON THE WYE

Mr. C. Fairbrother of Warrington, Lancs., who landed this 14 lb. pike, about 40-in. long, on a greenheart fly rod, using Hardy Tournament fly line on the banks of the river Wye at Bulth Wells; a good specimen of the fish so well named the freshwater shark

new H.M.V. automatic record-changing mechanism are revealed for the first time to the eyes of the public. "His Master's Voice" models also included the Superhet Portable Six at 17 guineas—the first battery and portable receiver to bear the famous trademark. Five other superheterodyne instruments were exhibited including a floor model radio receiver—the Superhet Lowboy Seven at 32 guineas. A seven valve radio gramophone—the Superhet Radiogram Seven at 50 guineas—will be one of the most popular instruments of its kind for the coming season. The radio-gramophone at 70 guineas is being continued this year, whilst the Superhet Ten Autoradiogram at 80 guineas in its standard cabinet and 95 guineas in its de luxe version are outstanding instruments. This radio-gramophone incorporates an improved type of record-changer and will regularly receive over eighty stations.

On September 1 Messrs. A. G. Spalding and Bros., Ltd., are putting on the market a new golf ball which they have been working on for upwards of three years, and during the last nine months it has been given a very thorough playing test. It is a paintless ball—the first one ever offered to the public, and a very decided step forward in golf-ball construction. They are calling this the Top-flite, and are confident it will bear out its name. If the Top-flite is compared with any ball which has a painted surface, the superiority of the finish is immediately apparent, as the surface is as true as the mould from which it came. The cover of the Spalding Top-flite is white right through to the winding. It is treated with a surface-hardening process which permits a high polish, and there is no varnish, lacquer, or paint on the surface of the ball.

We regret that we published incorrectly the name of the author of our story, "The Wine List," in last week's issue. The author was the Princess Maire Troubetzkoy.

## I am 45 years of age



## Now I look 25

When I looked at myself I realised that the usual aids to beauty were powerless to revive my looks. To smooth away the forming wrinkles, pouches over and under my eyes, to restore the vanishing contour of cheek, chin, and neck, I decided to put myself in the hands of the greatest living specialist in the world to-day on the subject of facial treatment.

A week afterwards I had put the clock back 20 years.

I am so enthusiastic over it that I have decided to give the opportunity of seeing the result of this marvellous process on my own face at the **Hystogen Consulting Rooms, 40 Baker Street, London, W. 1**—an entirely free interview by special appointment. If unable to call, write for literature.

## Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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# corot models by instalments

it is perhaps not sufficiently understood that every model offered by corot is individually made, fashioned to each customer's personal requirements, and represents that high standard which for generations past has been the prerogative of the wealthy. it is our earnest endeavour to make it plain that there is to-day no necessity to expend large sums of money in order to dress with taste and discrimination. please give us the opportunity of proving to you that these claims are true in every detail.

call at our showrooms and test this out for yourself, or post the coupon below for the latest corot fashion guide and full particulars.



"du Barry"  
ensemble of frock and matching coat in a novelty woollen weave. buttons are a feature of the dress while the coat sleeves and draped collar demand attention. in the new soft pink and other shades. **24/-**  
cash 8 gns. monthly



"autumn leaves"  
smart street ensemble of frock and matching cape in a novelty woollen weave. note the unusual line of the cape and the flat stitched bows on the frock. in new shades. **15/-**  
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"betty co-ed"  
a three-piece for sports or other informal occasions combines a flared skirt, button trimmed, with a sleeveless jumper in three-toned wool, over which is worn the new short jacket to match the skirt. **13/6**  
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"sweet rosalind"  
a house or street frock that is finely tailored in a novelty lainage adopts the football sleeve that is much to the fore, and adds tiny pockets to a cleverly flared skirt. in several new colours. **21/-**  
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"ciro's"  
unusual evening gown in heavy angel-skin lace with flat shoulder straps and jacket trimming. in white and other exclusive shades. **27/-**  
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"after the play"  
evening coat in black velvet shows distinctive scarf collar and new sleeves, both edged with ermine etc. lined with white satin. **19/6**  
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"good evening"  
crêpe amereuse evening coat with low décolletage emphasized by self flowers. princess-effect bodice is definitely new. **15/-**  
cash 5 gns. monthly



"transatlantique"  
the ideal travelling coat (or even for country wear) is a model such as this in fine camel hair and wool cloth. stitching is an effective trimming on collar, cuffs and belt. lined throughout. **12/-**  
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"the steeplechase"  
a large collar of genuine tasmanian opossum is a high light on a coat of a novelty weave coating, and we have added unusual elbow cuffs, button finished, as a guarantee of chic. in new browns and other tones. **27/-**  
cash 9 gns. monthly



"breezy days"  
the knob woollen weave is a perfect choice for a new line coat, and this model with its deep collar of dyed foxaline and its cleverly shaped sleeves warrants much notice. in several shades. **24/-**  
cash 8 gns. monthly



"good times"  
for general wear this coat in a mixture woollen coating will prove practical and hard wearing. the roll collar of dyed marmot is both becoming and snug. lined throughout. in new shades. **22/6**  
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"church parade"  
(at left)  
black velvet suit sponsors a gored skirt with a waist-length jacket over a blouse in pale pink lace. also other colours. **19/6**  
cash 6½ gns. monthly



"my sweet"  
(at right)  
a youthful afternoon frock in black art marocain shows an individual note with its white vestee and lacings of georgette. **10/6**  
cash 3½ gns. monthly

corot also takes this opportunity of inviting enquiries from overseas residents, whose requirements will receive their particular attention.



"film star" (at left)  
for informal diners, the cinema or other such occasions this gown of black georgette will quite "fill the bill." note the row of tiny buttons that adorns the back and the clever skirt flares. **21/-**  
cash 7 gns. monthly

"every day" (at right)  
the woollen afternoon dress for the woman who is larger than the average is smartly designed in a fine lainage and is trimmed with embroidered spots in contrast. in several shades. **12/-**  
cash 4 gns. monthly

"fanchette"  
(at extreme right)  
another version of the trotteur frock is this in freize with its square-cut neckline and handy pockets. a scarf collar and chromium buttons are also part of its trimming. **12/-**  
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# What's in "BRITANNIA" this month?

## *More than ever as the days grow shorter*

"This is a story of the days when people still had money and the hotels of the Riviera were able to charge twenty-five francs for a dry Martini: days now so remote that they begin to take on the faint glamour of a grown-up fairy tale. The oranges and lemons, hanging like balls of pale and deeper gold, brought no thought of a tottering standard. In expensively-decorated casinos large sums of currency passed fluently from hand to hand. Paradise, in short, à la rue de la Paix—or rather à la Place Vendôme, where all the banks are . . .

The Château Bérénice was built in the year 1596 as a slight tribute to one of the mistresses of Henri IV. Or so say the guide-books: in any case, the story is still worth money. The original constructions, when M. Poire came on the scene some four centuries later, had long crumbled away; but one tower remained, and round this nucleus, with indomitable energy, he gradually built up the most expensive hotel between the Alps and the Pyrenees. The rooms in the old wing (for which M. Poire naturally charged double) numbered no more than six: but such is the force of historic association (especially if tinged with scandal) that those six amply sufficed to fill the remaining two hundred. The other great feature of the Château was a wide stone terrace, built up almost from the shore and conveniently planted with orange trees and umbrellas in alternate tubs: across which, at the moment when this moral history opens, a very beautiful young man was slowly sauntering in the direction of the lounge. No sooner, however, had he reached the door than



*This beautiful signed  
portrait of*  
**RONALD  
COLMAN**  
**GIVEN AWAY**  
*with this issue*

BRITANNIA & EVE is not essentially a fashion paper, but Madge Garland knows what every woman wants to know for the Autumn . . . She writes: "September, 1932, and by the time you read this I shall have seen the Winter Collection in Paris, and know what you and I are going to wear for the next six months, and in our next issue I propose to give you a resumé of all I see and hear . . . But already there are indications of subtle changes, rumours of this and that, a new hat hazarded, a new silhouette confirmed by popular opinion. We know that velvet is going to be the material of outstanding importance this season, velvet of every description. Fine panne velvets, stitched velvets for hats, plush velvets, cotton velvets, waterproof velvets, uncrushable velvets, and some new velvets which have a fluffy, furry surface. Then duveteen has returned, and broadcloth, which has invaded the evening mode, and we are certainly going to wear cloth evening gowns this winter, as we cheerfully wore gingham ones last summer.

We are going to wear black, but black with a difference. We are going to vary it with 'off-black,' just as we varied white with 'off-white' this summer, and a dull battleship grey is predicted, though relieved with colour, coral red and green for preference. We shall also use black as a trimming for navy blue, and, as usual, contrast it with white, particularly in the evening; for day wear we shall see a lot of burgundy and cerise reds, but no yellow reds.

Our skirt lengths will, I think, remain unchanged, unless . . ."

*You must read every word—there are pages of "Fashion" in the September issue.*

## *Ask your Newsagent to deliver it*

he faced about, appeared to consult his watch, and wandered idly back to where a girl in white was sitting under one of the yellow sunshades.

She was a very pretty girl, with slanting blue eyes and dark hair, almost as sleek as his own, but it was none of these undeniable attractions that drew the young man out of his way. . . .

In "MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN"  
by Margery Sharp.

*A pretty girl and a man—go-getters both, with both eyes fixed on the main chance . . . but it was not only Antony who counted the world well lost for love.*

YOU MUST READ IT.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE DAMNED"

by C. Patrick Thompson

"STUDY THE STARS AND DRESS YOUR LINE" by M. O. Peake

"ORANGES AND LEMONS" by Julian Fitzgerald

"A QUARTETTE IN TWO SUITES" by Peter Blundell

"THE LAST OF THE MATADORS"

by Ferdinand Tuohey

"FLESHPOTS" by Lady Troubridge

"TRAINING THE MAN WITH THE MICROSCOPE" by Joan Woolcombe

"MARRIAGE" by Gilbert Frankau

"THE SAFEST TRAVEL ON EARTH" by G. A. Field

"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO"

by F. Matania, R.I.

"MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN"

by Margery Sharp

"I MEAN TO BE COMFORTABLE THIS WINTER" by Winifred Lewis

"OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BES"

OF THE THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer

"BIG BUSINESS." No. 8—THE HOUSE OF GUINNESS by Gordon Beckles

"THAT'S LIFE OLD HORSE" by Frank E. Verney

"HAVE THE TALKIES ANYTHING TO SAY?" by Sydney Tremayne

"COMMON COMPLAINTS" by Winifred Lewis

BEAUTY CULTURE: by "Chrysis"

A KNITTED TWO-PIECE SUIT

"BOTTLING FRUIT AT NO EXPENSE"

by Cyril Grange, F.R.H.S.

"AN EMERGENCY DINNER FOR FOUR"

by A. H. Adair

"THE BEGINNING AND END OF A MEAL"

by A. H. Adair

"A FLAT IN AUDLEY HOUSE" by Pamela Murray

"FASHION FORECAST" by Madge Garland

## THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF

# BRITANNIA AND EVE

346, Strand, London, W.C.2